

# ANYTHING

\$6 THAT MOVES

No. 14  
Summer 1997

THE MAGAZINE FOR THE CLASSIC BISEXUAL

BI AND VISIBLE IN ARGENTINA

BI AND SPEAKING OUT

BI AND SAFELY SLUTTY

BI AND IN THERAPY

BI AND POETIC





# ANYTHING THAT MOVES:

## THE MAGAZINE FOR THE CLASSIC BISEXUAL

MOVE (MOOV): 1. TO ADVANCE, PROGRESS, OR MAKE PROGRESS. 2. TO CHANGE PLACE OR POSITION. 3. TO TAKE ACTION. 4. TO PROMPT, ACTUATE OR IMPEL INTO ACTION. 5. ACTION TOWARD AN END; A STEP. 6. TO SET IN MOTION; STIR OR SHAKE.

Our choice to use this title for the magazine has been nothing less than controversial. That we would choose to redefine the stereotype that "bisexuals will fuck anything that moves" to suit our own purposes has created myriad reactions. Those critical of the title feel we are perpetuating the stereotype and damaging our image. Those in favor of its use see it as a movement away from the stereotype, toward bisexual empowerment.

We deliberately choose the radical approach. We are creating dialogue through controversy. We are challenging people to face their own external and internal biphobia. We are demanding attention, and are re-defining "anything that moves" on our own terms.

### WE WILL WRITE OR PRINT OR SAY ANYTHING THAT MOVES US BEYOND THE LIMITING STEREOTYPES THAT ARE DISPLACED ONTO US.

This magazine was created by bisexuals and their friends. All proceeds are invested into its production and the bisexual community. It is published by the Bay Area Bisexual Network and reflects the integrity and inclusive nature of the BABN Statement of Purpose. *ATM* was created out of pride; out of necessity; out of anger. We are tired of being analyzed, defined and represented by people other than ourselves — or worse yet, not considered at all. We are frustrated by the imposed isolation and invisibility that comes from being told or expected to choose either a homosexual or heterosexual identity.

Bisexuality is a whole, fluid identity. Do not assume that bisexuality is binary or duogamous in nature: that we have "two" sides or that we **MUST** be involved simultaneously with both genders to be fulfilled human beings. In fact, don't assume that there are only two genders. Do not mistake our fluidity for confusion, irresponsibility, or an inability to commit. Do not equate promiscuity, infidelity, or unsafe sexual behavior with bisexuality. Those are human traits that cross **ALL** sexual orientations. Nothing should be assumed about anyone's sexuality — including your own.

We are angered by those who refuse to accept our existence; our issues; our contributions; our alliances; our voice. It is time for the bisexual voice to be heard. Do not expect each magazine to be representative of all bisexuals, for our diversity is too vast. Do not expect a clear-cut definition of bisexuality to jump out from the pages. We bisexuals tend to define bisexuality in ways that are unique to our own individuality. There are as many definitions of bisexuality as there are bisexuals. Many of us choose not to label ourselves anything at all, and find the word 'bisexual' to be inadequate and too limiting. Do not assume that the opinions expressed are shared by all bisexuals, by those actively involved in the bisexual movement, by the *ATM* staff, or the BABN board of directors.

What you can expect is a magazine that, through its inclusive and diverse nature, creates movement away from external and internal limitations. This magazine is about **ANYTHING THAT MOVES**: that moves us to think; that moves us to fuck (or not); that moves us to feel; that moves us to believe in ourselves—

**To Do It For Ourselves!**

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## EVERYBODY WANTS TO BE A SLUT



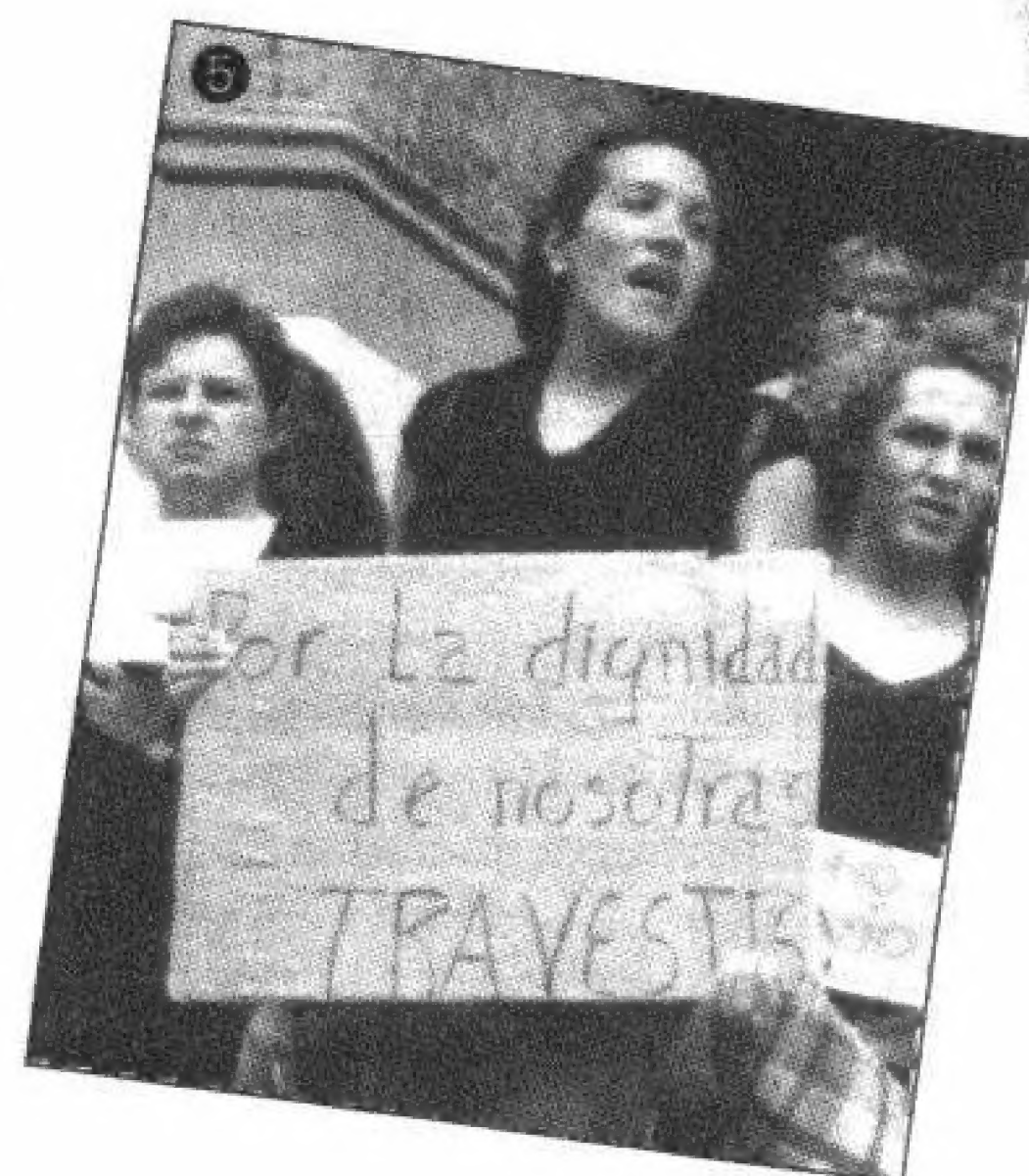
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# IT'S TIME FOR A LITTLE UNSOLICITED ADVICE

**T**his past month, I watched a film called *Chasing Amy*. The movie's plot focused on a straight male comic book artist and a self-identified lesbian with a "questioning" past who fall in love and wind up ridiculed and attacked by their respective communities. This jogged my memory back to a Feb. 7, 1997 editorial I read by Renee LaChance, editor of just out, a gay/lesbian newspaper in Portland, Oregon. In her editorial, entitled "Say it Isn't So," LaChance talked about JoAnn Loulan, a renowned psychotherapist and lesbian icon who had just come out to her in a personal letter about falling in love with a man. Unfortunately, life imitates art as Loulan receives heat for her choice of partner.

What irked me about LaChance's editorial was that it picked up the nice-nice language required in this day and age, in which "gay" organizations tack "and bisexual and transgender" onto their titles without any follow-through or commitment to the ideal behind that addition. I do believe Renee when she says, "I care about JoAnn, she has become a friend over the years." But she isn't a very supportive or understanding friend; the last thing she writes is, "And while I wish Loulan all the happiness she can have in her lifetime, I can't help but hope that her new relationship won't last forever and that she'll again fall in love with a woman."

As a queer community, we've witnessed this dynamic for some time — it is the whole reason why a distinct bisexual movement blossomed in the first place — but it's disheartening to find it still occurring in 1997.

What is the investment here, Renee?

I remember kissing a beautiful boy in a club when I first arrived in San Francisco, and having this sudden flash of awareness that *this* was what was important, that all the activism in the world was just so I could be in some club, find some cute boy I liked, and taste his tongue. All the demonstrating and writing and fighting was, at the most basic, just so I could express the love — and lust — within me without censor. I don't want to live in a world where I have to change my entire life around according to who I'm shagging. I find it stupid and pointless that I can't go comfortably to my favorite dance clubs (aside from the Fence

-sitter's Lounge here in San Francisco, of course) with my girlfriend. And it's sad and scary that an ex-boyfriend wouldn't hold hands with me in the redwoods because "someone might see."

By empowering lesbians — and quite a few bisexual women as well, I suspect — around their sexuality, JoAnn Loulan has made the world safer, more comfortable, and more expansive for us all. By taking a courageous step to follow her heart and to love whom she chooses, openly and without shame, she is really doing the work the gay liberation movement started out to do 20 years ago, to expand *everyone's* sexuality. Unfortunately, fear has sidetracked many of us into trying to limit the little, protected space we've created to only some of us, explicitly excluding bisexuals, transgendered folks, queers of color, drag queens, and plenty of others who don't fit the strict identity politics of an assimilationist minority.

When we exclude others, we end up excluding parts of ourselves. We need look no further than to families who have cut off their queer children to see this dynamic in action.

That's what I like about the so-called "bisexual/transgender" movement. There is no monolithic movement. No political reagent test strip exists. At the foundation are a lot of different people who identify in many different ways, some of us changing directions at the drop of a kumquat and resisting any attempt to label ourselves in a static way. As the old joke goes, ask three bisexuals for a definition of being bisexual and you'll get four answers. But it is *this* — this sentiment, which celebrates everyone, in *all* of our diversities and histories — *this* which is going to transform the world.

So I'm going to offer some unsolicited advice, Renee: try to look at JoAnn's cross-gender relationship and judge it only on whether *JoAnn* is happy in it, and not by anyone's political agenda. And if she is, and even if she isn't, when you send her your love, send it without strings and without saddling her with more of the same shame and guilt that we all had to struggle with when we came out of the closet the first time.

*Mark Silver is the editor of this rag, and in his spare time is a paramedic in Solano County, California.*



# LETTERS: CYBER, SNAIL, AND PSYCHIC

## ATM MADE ME CRY

My dear friend Mirka Negroni, from the International Gay and Lesbian Human Rights Commission, sent me the Spring issue of *Anything That Moves*. I just want to thank you for such an inspiring, thought-provoking and wonderfully written magazine. I read it from cover to cover immediately and could not put it down till it was finished. I even read the ads and the list of donors in detail, which I rarely do.

Specially, I wanted you to let Lani Ka'ahumanu know that her article on the Creating Change action moved me to tears. It was so well-written that I could see things happening right there in front of me. Hours have passed and I still have in my mind (and in my heart, too) the picture of all those brave people standing up, and it deeply moves me. I am quite a fan of Lani, since *Bi Any Other Name* came to my rescue when I was just coming out as a bisexual and feeling frightened and lost. As a fellow "lesbian who fell from grace," I know by heart fragments of her long poem, and I often repeat them to myself for comfort (and to friends when my own words are not enough). I just wanted you to let her know that I admire her a lot, and her work is very meaningful to me.

We now have a support group for bisexual women, and we are about to open a second one, as there are many women wanting to share experiences and help one another feel at ease with their identities. Your magazine will be a very valuable tool for our groups.

Congratulations on the work you are doing! And thanks.

Alejandra Sarda  
Buenos Aires, Argentina

## ATM IS SIMPLY TOP-NOTCH

Just wanted to let you know... I got my first issue of *ATM* and was completely surprised by the quality. Both the type of publication (I don't exactly know why, but I was expecting more of a Kinko's-copied, newsletter-type periodical) and the contents (such a

broad range of articles!) were simply top-notch. I especially like the explanation of why the title was chosen.

Congrats on putting together a great magazine. As the former senior editor of an all-volunteer magazine myself, I know how difficult it is to put together a publication under even the best of circumstances, so I truly appreciate the work that must have gone into this one.

Meg K.  
via cyberspace

## COMING OUT WITH ATM

I was just going through my fall issue of *ATM*, and I was wondering when the new one is going to be out. By the way, leaving *ATM* lying around is a great way to tell the family that I'm bi. Thanks for the opportunity.

Courtney Sewell  
via cyberspace

## LOVE THE 'ZINE, HATE THE NAME

I just saw your magazine for the first time. While I thought the content was great, I have to write to complain about the exclusiveness of your title.

As someone who cannot move, I am still worthy of love. I can be in relationships as complicated as those of ambulatory lovers. And while I can't fuck, I can be fucked with the best of them. I'm tired of having my existence implicitly denied by such statements as your title.

If you truly are the advocates of inclusion you claim to be, I suggest you change your name to *Anything, Whether or Not It Moves*. This would not only include differently animated persons such as myself, but also auto-sexuals who rely on inanimate implements for their satisfaction.

And while you're at it, please tell all your readers not to look away and tuck up their panties next time they see my chair rolling towards them at a Jack and Jill party. They'd be missing out on a lot of fun. The fact that I can't really move doesn't mean I can't move others, and be moved by them.

Andy Martino  
Becket, MA

## ATM #12 BLEW ME AWAY

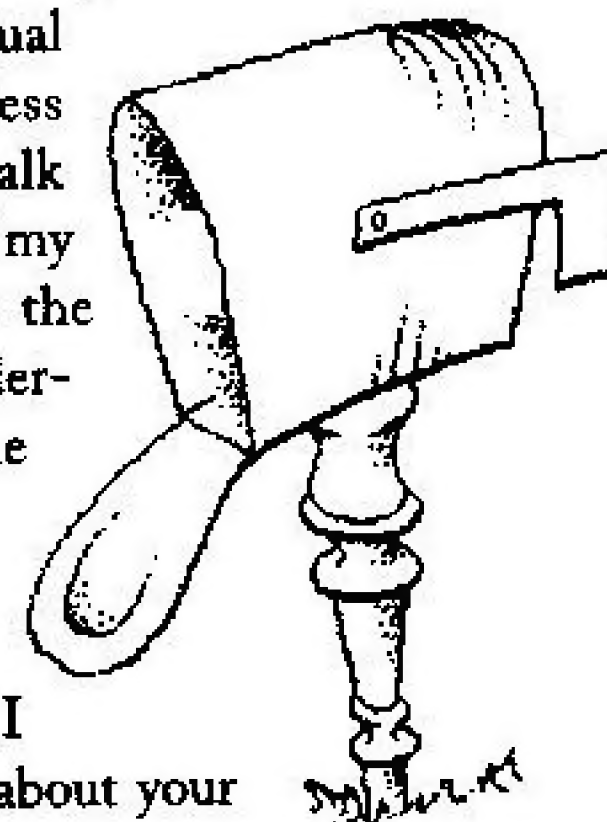
I have been very negligent in renewing my subscription to your very informative magazine. Spank my butt — please.

To be quite honest with you, I was not going to renew, but then I received issue #12 and it totally blew me away. The front and back cover caught my eye, of course, but they also registered on my mind. The artist was portraying reflections of our inner self; very cool. The poem by Lani Ka'ahumanu was insightful and very compassionate. As we get older we all would like to be a comfortable piece of furniture, a warm and friendly place where friends and loved ones gather. Then I got to the last page. What an eye opener! "My Body As a Tool" has got to be one of the most arousing works that I have read in a very long time. How is it that Steinman could so completely express what I am feeling? It is as if the man entered into my very soul and was able to write words that I could not even begin to express. Basically, this issue was your best one yet!

I come from a very rural community that has a very strict moral attitude — actually, backward would probably be a better choice of word. Very few people, if any, as far as I know, have the slightest

idea what bisexual means, much less are willing to talk about it. One of my goals is to help the community understand, but at the moment I am still trying to help my family.

Anyway, when I first found out about your





magazine, which by the way was quite a process in itself, I felt that I had finally found a group who could relate to me.

I want you to know that your magazine has helped me through a lot of rough times. You know, those times when you feel so alienated — you just know everyone is pointing fingers and chuckling to themselves, “what a freak.” Thank you for that, and please keep it up.

Joe Baker  
Helper, UT

## GREAT WEB 'ZINE

I just wanted you all to know that I really enjoyed your webzine. Keep up the good work!

Calamity Jane  
via cyberspace

## I'M OUT AT LAST!

Hi! I've known for years that I am bisexual, but the gay-political environment that has been so transcendent and healing for the Bay Area and the world has left me feeling lacking in a sense of affirmation and community. Then I stumbled on your website tonight after being propositioned by an acquaintance and his French girlfriend after a long dry spell in my life.

The very reason I am on the Web right now and not out at a huge party tonight in San Francisco is because of the renewed desires their invitation to sex brought up for me, and my amBIvalence toward my continued straight-femme front. I adore gay boys with a passion, and a pronounced bi-boy with a definitely queer slant broke my heart last year, leaving me extremely dissatisfied with the resident straight community in general.

Basically, I am just so relieved to have found in you guys what others must sense in their own self-identified communities. As I read the articles in *ATM* issue #12, I just knew exactly what Anthony, Leah, and even Rachel House (“My Life’s Confusing...” ) were trying to say. I feel a strong connection toward all different types of people, but particularly people who are shiny, soulful, and joyous in nature, and these are quite frequently people from the gay community.

Maybe someday gays won't be so afraid of bisexuality, and straights won't fear gays, but until then, I feel so welcomed and warmed by the sigh of relief my soul breathes when in the presence of people like you, open to all forms of connection — like me!

I'm out at last!

Lisa  
via cyberspace

Send your thoughts, criticisms, praise, questions, xeroxed body parts, whatever, to: Letters to the Editor, Anything That Moves, 2261 Market St. #496, San Francisco, CA 94114-1600 USA, or email: [qswitch@igc.apc.org](mailto:qswitch@igc.apc.org). Letters may be edited for length. Unless you tell us not to, we will print your name. Aliases or anonymous letters are, of course, respected, but please send us your real name, and we won't tell anybody you wrote us if you don't want us to.

## ABOUT THE COVER ARTIST: TIM COLEMAN



Tim Coleman is an eclectic British multimedia artist who works in photography, film and video, as well as sidelining as a freelance journalist and radio broadcaster. His work as a photojournalist has been published in Britain, France, Germany, and the United States. He has traveled extensively, favoring the Middle East and especially Egypt, where he photographed the sacred Sufi Dervish festivals, later shooting a documentary on this subject. He moved to San Francisco from London a year ago.

Some themes that dominate Tim's photographic work include the human body and the notion of spiritual transformation and degradation. Tim describes our cover photo, entitled *Angel With Only One Wing*, as “a celebration of the beauty and fragility of the human form, as symbolized by contrasting the feeling of motion with complete stasis.” The series of tattoo imagery which appears inside this issue (illustrating “What Do Bisexuals Want?” p.32) are part of a series he shot for Allah's Sacred Earth body decoration studio.

Tim says he is now slowly easing out of a 10-year obsession with research and journalism in the field of UFOs and far-out science, and plans to devote more time to his photography. Currently, he is looking for a gallery to exhibit his photographs of the Sufi Dervish festivals.

His first documentary chronicled the evolution of the British tattoo world as it struggled to rise from the gutter into a recognized art form. His next documentary will be titled *The Millennium Project*. “I want to examine the many changes impacting people's lives, individually and globally, as we approach the year 2000. What is this thing called the millennium, and why do things seem to be getting stranger and stranger?”

Tim can be contacted via *Anything That Moves*.



LESBICA  
GAY  
TRAVESTI  
TRANSEXUAL  
BISEXUAL



# es ahora (the hour is now)

## a dispatch from the only out bisexual in argentina

by Alejandra Sarda

**W**here are all the bisexuals in Argentina?

Until recently, the only place I've ever found any has been in porn magazines, and those have been husbands advertising for extracurricular sex. I knew there must be other bisexuals, of all varieties, which led me to place an ad in *La Hora*, an Argentine queer bulletin, inviting bi women to get together and talk. I got a total of two responses. One woman emailed me, writing, "Thanks. I have always thought that my sexual identity was a non-existent one."

By Argentine standards, she was right. Bisexuality has been invisible, unspoken and, to many, "non-existent."

First, I'd like to tell you a little about my country. Argentina is a nation emerging from a brutally repressive regime. Between 1976 and 1983, the military "disappeared" 30,000 people — mostly union organizers, political activists, thinkers, journalists, lawyers, priests, nuns, and students — basically, everyone who believed in societal change and justice for all. They were kidnapped, then killed, and their families were never informed of their whereabouts. Five hundred of their children were sold to families who still

refuse to reveal to their children their true identity. Not a single military murderer has spent time in jail for what has been done.

All the sad and violent experiences we have gone through in these last years have made people rethink their values and opinions, and, I like to believe, taught my fellow citizens something about empathy and what it would mean to be hated or killed for being sexually different. Even though Argentina is a very "macho" country and the Catholic Church has a strong hold on people's behavior and opinion, we know very well what is sin, what is human desire, and who the real dangerous monsters are. We have not forgotten the times of dictatorship. Argentineans have not confused the potential scapegoats of queers with the real persons who brutalized our country.

Twelve years ago, when Argentina was still living under its dictatorship, gays and lesbians were also "non-existent"; just like bisexuals, they appeared only in porn magazines. Since then, lesbians and gays have shown up as opinion makers in TV programs, as reliable characters in prestigious telefilms, and as human rights advocates honored by the Parliament when they die. Twelve years later, lesbians and gays are all

Above, the masthead for the Argentine queer publication *La Hora*.





At a trans demo in Buenos Aires. Left to right: Alejandra Sarda, Fabiana Tron of Lesbianas a la Vista, and three trans activists with the Organizacion de Travestis y Transexuales de la Republica de Argentina (OTTRA).

over the cultural and political register. The results of all the outreach and organizing of the Argentine lesbian and gay community have been amazing.

I am an optimist by nature, and it is my hope that bisexuals will soon follow suit.

**T**oday, most Argentineans see being gay or lesbian as another way of expressing their love and sex drive. Ordinary people generally make remarks like, "If they love each other, it's OK." Although many might feel uncomfortable with an openly gay co-worker, most would not openly discriminate against gays and lesbians. Unlike the past, many young gays and lesbians are out to their families, in a growing climate of acceptance.

I am the only out bisexual activist so far. The bi movement has yet to coalesce, and now I am visible, speaking out and waiting for others to come along. And I know — from my own story — that the bisexuals who speak out will be accepted by the GLT community. In spite of all my fears, my coming-out story was actually a fairy tale.

I decided to accept everything that was myself: the closeness, the trust, the sheer pleasure women bring to my life; and the wanting, the thrill of the different, that men bring. However, I did not like the term "bisexual" at first because I had been thinking a lot about the sex/gender polarity, and so I refused to include the prefix "bi" in anything that defined me. I believe I can be attracted to any of the many genders and sexes that exist. In fact, I would still feel more comfortable calling myself "pansexual." The problem with being "pansexual" was the loneliness. If I wanted to connect with others

who felt as I do, I had to speak a common language. Connecting with other bisexuals was of key importance to me, so I started calling myself "bisexual."

At the time that I decided to come out as bi, I was a leader in my lesbian/activist community. For many people — primarily those who did not have a close relationship with me — my announcement was a shock and a disappointment. I'd never asked to be placed on a "role model" pedestal, but many had put me there anyway, and they felt betrayed. Once and again I told them that our GLT struggle was about being open and honest about oneself, proud of one's affections and desires, and I was doing just that.

I was very open about my feelings and desires to everyone, even though it scared me. I thought my involvement in activism — which means almost everything to me — was going to be finished. It was not! Argentine gays and transgendered people were, in the end, very supportive of my choice. When I finally submitted my proposal that the word "bisexual" be added for Pride Day parades and national gatherings, not a single objection was raised. Members of most Buenos Aires GLT organizations approved it unanimously! I am very proud to say that from that day on, everyone says "GLTB"... and I never had to ask for it.

It would never have been so easy if I had not been helped by two bisexuals. One is Wayne Roberts, to whom I e-mailed a desperate letter asking if I could still be an activist after I was out as bisexual. Wayne responded immediately in the most loving and supportive way. The other is my friend Omar, who lives in the United States and who lent me *Bi Any Other Name*. That anthology was instrumental in my understanding and accepting of the whole prism that my life is and has always been.

**m**y lover, a lesbian, is a wonderful and courageous woman, and we are travelling together through all the changes. My being honest about myself has brought more love, more trust and new life into our relationship. She has spoken freely about how being with a bisexual woman means a whole repositioning to her, but she has also been very clear that our love and what we have built together in the last four years deserves it. Our relationship has always been non-monogamous, and I think that helped a lot.

Right now, it is the hour of the *travesti* in Argentina. By *travesti*, I mean something similar to what you would call



“pre/non-op transsexuals”: people who live fully in their chosen genders 24 hours a day, take hormones and in some cases have silicone prostheses, but have not yet gone or will not go for sex reassignment.

The *travesti*'s first leaders made themselves known and respected in fiery battles with police officers and from then on inspired others to do the same, to organize support groups for building trans pride and to be a visible presence in gay/lesbian, human rights, and other demonstrations. After much struggle against gays' and lesbians' prejudices, they are now accepted and respected by the political sector of the community. The brutal treatment they receive by the police is driving them closer to the young, the poor, the indigenous people and everyone who is not white, everyone who is brutalized by the same powers. Human rights organizations and political parties are starting to fight against police brutality and including *travesti* in their claims. Slowly, society is getting used to seeing them on TV, and — as always — as closeness grows, prejudice melts away.

Meanwhile, bisexuals are slowly taking our first steps. In January, 1997, I appeared on a talk show together with three lesbians speaking about different kinds of love between women. After that, almost a hundred women phoned asking to join the support group I was trying to start. Not all of them came, of course, but many did and now two of those groups are functioning.

Most women are very ashamed of the desire they feel. Our current work is to challenge biphobic assumptions of husbands, lesbian lovers, friends and families while empowering bisexual women to respect their whole beings.

*Alejandra Sarda is a long-time queer rights activist and writer. Alejandra lives in Buenos Aires, and is currently — but hopefully not for long — the only out bisexual in the lesbian, trans and travesti movement in Argentina.*

## travestites 3. police 0

by Marcelo Gustavo Feldman

On Oct. 26, 1995, Nadia Echazu, Monica and Ivana were some of the victims of a *razzia* orchestrated by Police Station Number 23 in Buenos Aires. The three were charged with contravening a police edict named “scandal” and taken to the station, but they started asking for their rights — i.e., a phone call to their lawyer — immediately.

Policemen answered their request by beating them. Trying to escape from the beatings, the three broke a plant and a glass. Of course, since there were more than 20 guardians of public and private morals, Nadia, Monica and Ivana were quickly restrained and prosecuted under the charges of “resistance to authorities, aggravated damage and injuries.”

Two years later, an oral trial took place before Buenos Aires Court Number 18.

From the police statements, the three female judges — as well as defending counsels Angela Vanni and myself — learned that on the early morning of Oct.

26, three “mad” transvestites, without any motives at all and in spite of the chief inspector's “kind invitations” to go to their allotted jails, suddenly started running and breaking down the station's equipment while police staff — scared and astonished — just watched them act.

Of course, no one believed such stupidity. Medical statements confirmed that the three transvestites had been severely beaten. The police statements were contradictory, when not ludicrous, like one who claimed to have had his wrist broken and had not seen a doctor until a week after the event!

The three female judges, with utmost respect, always addressed Nadia, Monica and Ivana as “Miss” and acquitted all of them. They also ordered an investigation into Police Station Number 23 and the neighboring Number 25, based on our three friends' statements during the trial. Justice was done.

*Marcelo Gustavo Feldman is a gay lawyer working with Gays for Civil Rights and a staff member of La Hora, a monthly bulletin of the Buenos Aires BGLTT community. This article first appeared in La Hora earlier this year.*



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*The year is 1968. I am 15 years old and growing up in a suburb of Portland, Oregon. Even though I was born a biological boy, I know I am really a girl — in my heart, in my soul and in my body. Moreover, I am attracted to both boys and girls. I feel alone and isolated. I wonder if I am completely crazy.*

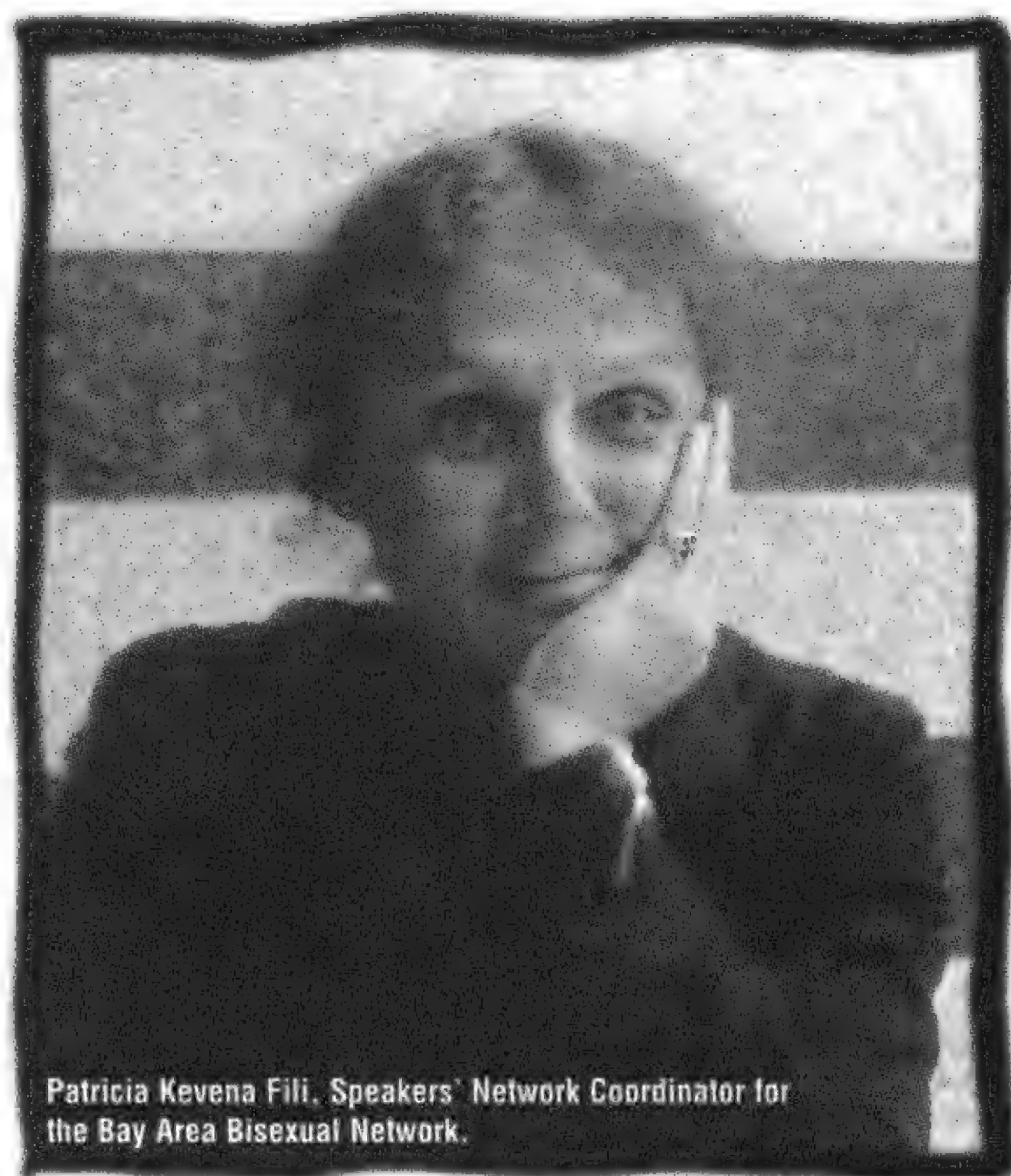
*No one in my family models resistance. I have been taught since birth to do what I am told, to go along with things and “get by.” What passes as normal for boys in my town are the likes of Richard Nixon, John Wayne and Richard Daley. My mother takes me to Roman Catholic Mass. Each Sunday, I hear stories about Jesus caring for all people and opposing authority when necessary. Later, in an argument with my father, I fervently proclaim that the United States’ involvement in Vietnam is wrong. In response, he yells at me to shut up and hits me.*

*I am a fish out of water, and I know it. Every young person my age is thinking, dreaming and talking about Vietnam. Every young man is facing the draft and pondering the choices of escape, killing or being killed. Am I going to tell my family that I am bisexual and transgendered? Not in this lifetime.*

*...or so I thought.*

*Years later, I have come out to my family and the world. I am no longer Roman Catholic; I am a proud and budding Pagan. I am grateful for the lessons learned. I know I am not crazy — at least, no more than any other searching soul. And I know I am not alone. Countless other human beings have come out about being transgendered, bisexual, lesbian, or gay.*

# Bi Speak Easy



Patricia Kevena Fili, Speakers' Network Coordinator for the Bay Area Bisexual Network.

## DEVELOPING SPEAKERS' NETWORKS FOR BISEXUAL AND TRANSGENDERED ORGANIZATIONS

*By Patricia Kevena Fili*

*Photographs by Katinka Vanderbauwhede*



## Speaking Out to Stop the Violence

Patrick Forte, a female-to-male transgendered man and former outreach advocate for the AIDS Project of the East Bay, was working at an area event last year when he went to his car to retrieve materials. At that time, two young men who had verbally harassed him earlier took their abuse

further, attacking him with baseball bats. Fortunately, someone drove by and stopped to help. Patrick was hospitalized, but he survived — this time. It could have been much worse. Although Patrick was shaken and traumatized, he is working even more vigilantly to advocate for all transgendered people. "I want something good to come out of this," he says. "All of us need to speak out and make things better for everyone."

I, a transgendered (male-to-female) and bisexual woman with a communications background, am coordinating a speakers' bureau for the Bay Area Bisexual Network. I believe it is important to be heard and counted. Time after time, when people are silent, they are victimized and subject to discrimination. The way to begin reversing this tide is to speak out, to say, *"I belong. I will help others to understand. Make no mistake — I, and others like me, belong."*

A speakers' network can be helpful in lots of different ways. It can begin to break down the barriers of fear and misunderstanding. It can build coalitions with other queer-identified organizations and activist agencies. A network can help serve notice that we oppose discrimination against select populations. It can help proclaim that we support human rights for all our brothers and sisters.

### Getting Started

Coordinating a speakers' network is easy. It takes time and effort, but it can be done. Just follow certain guidelines, and you'll be on your speak-easy way.

First, tell your community about the network you are organizing. Reach out to people. When you are at an event, even a reading, you will be surprised how often someone will come up and say, "You know, I have a friend who is involved in such and such. Maybe s/he would be helpful?" Use every resource available to get the word out. Contact other groups in the queer community; biphobia is slowly dissipating, and many people in the queer community will be helpful. Also, check out your local

activist community. Many individuals and groups there are queer friendly, if not exactly queer-identified. Advertise in the calendars of community newspapers and on radio. For that matter, see if any of your contacts know someone producing a local cable television show who would let you advertise.

### Training Your Speakers

Set a date to train people who are interested in becoming speakers for your network. Publicize it widely. Produce an interesting, creative flyer, and distribute it everywhere. Inform local colleges and community centers. Send a simple public service announcement to the television, radio and print media. And get permission to announce it at any events you attend.



Patricia Kevena Fili



Two top priorities at my trainings are to have all participants get to know each other, and to leave with more energy than they had when they arrived. It is important that people bond and create an actual network. I want everyone to support each other.

At your training, provide a skills workshop on speaking, listening, conflict negotiation and nonverbal communication, as well as some time to practice those skills. As someone certified to teach speech communication at the college level, I believe if the soul is willing, anyone can speak as a wonderful representative. You simply need the right tools. What plumber would go on a job without a wrench?

An important part of the training is modeling flexibility. Allow time for different scenarios; for example, speakers need to adapt to the audience and the spaces in which they will be talking. Voices project differently in a small room with few people from the way they do in a large room or crowd.

Teach preparation. Distribute packets with handouts that your speakers can use in their presentations. Role-play speaking scenarios throughout the training. Have your speakers practice their personal stories, ask each other questions, and give each other feedback.

Give your speakers a sense of his/herstory. Feature someone who can discuss bisexuals and their achievements, past and present.

Finally, discuss conflict resolution. Sometimes speakers will hear biphobia from the audience. Discuss the possibility at the training and come to a resolution that the group can live with. Remember that people deal with conflict in different ways.

## **Coordinating the Network**

After completing the training, you're ready to send your volunteers out to engagements. As coordinators of the network, it is now your job to help create a positive experience for your speakers. The first thing I find out from requesting parties is the engagement's security and safety. Locate a contact person. Know the environment, so that you can give your speakers adequate information regarding the size and kind of venue, and whether the venue is likely to be sympathetic. Additionally, tell your volunteers why a speaker was requested, and whether other speakers are on the agenda. Give your speakers every possible comfort.

Instead of waiting for some group or individual to request a bisexual speaker, reach out to locate opportunities. Let the community know you are active and visible.

I like to send two speakers to events whenever possible, and I always send an experienced speaker to accompany someone who is speaking for the first time. We learn by doing and by listening. At the very least, a speaker will see one friendly face.

Following speaking engagements, provide the opportunity for speakers to evaluate their experiences with other members of the network. This gives them a chance to talk about what was great and what was lousy. It may bring up issues such as additional training they might need. Most important, your speakers will know they are being heard. This will increase their trust and commitment to the network.

The final link in the process is demonstrating appreciation for all network participants. On a regular basis, recognize the efforts of those willing to speak. Never, *never* take for granted the efforts volunteered by people in the network. Failing to do so is the quickest way to make people leave and abandon the work.

I have been a community activist for more than 20 years. My experience has shown me that people want to help and be involved. We can all work together to educate our neighbors and pronounce our inviolable right as equal citizens. In essence, we are our own saviors.

*Time after time,  
when people are  
silent, they are  
victimized and  
subject to discrimi-  
nation. The way to  
begin reversing this  
tide is to speak out,  
to say, "I belong.  
I will help others to  
understand. Make  
no mistake —  
I, and others like  
me, belong."*

— Patricia Kevena Fili



# P.K.'s Practical Advice for Speakers

## Improving Your Speaking Voice

- Practice at home by loosening up your vocal cords. One good way to do this is singing in the shower.
- Speak clearly. Slow down your rate of speech, especially if you are using a microphone and sound system. When souls are nervous, words can easily run into each other. Remember that you are helping educate others, and that each word is precious. Listen to yourself speak. If available, practice with a tape recorder. Practice in front of your friends. And practice some more.
- This may sound silly, but remember to breathe. I have heard countless students try to give speeches with one breath. (That is tough to do!) Before beginning, try taking in a deep breath for a slow count of four, hold it for a count of four, and let the air out slowly to another count of four, then repeat that two more times. This slows down your breathing rate.
- Do not be afraid to take a pause now and then, and take a breath. Besides, a pause is a tremendously effective dramatic device. All eyes will be on you, as well they should be.
- Let your personality shine. One mistake novice speakers often make is copying someone else's speaking style. Being yourself is the best policy; the more speaking you do, the easier it will be to achieve. Nothing calms the soul like practice.

## Incorporating Non-Verbal Communication

- Make eye contact with the audience. I like to make a single individual my focal point, a point I can focus on and return to when needed. Think of that focal point as your best friend.
- Smile from time to time. Communicate that we are friendly souls and fairly hip folks. Remember, we are breaking down fear barriers and creating links of connection.
- Be conscious of your body language. You set the mood for the experience. If you are stiff and rigid, your audience will likely follow suit. If you are friendly and relaxed, there is an excellent chance that your audience will be, too. Try to appear as natural as possible. Some people use meditation or exercise to relax before an engagement. Whatever you use, try to relax to the best of your ability.

## Interacting With Your Audience

- If you are speaking in a large space, arrive early and ask someone to go to the back of the room. Ask if you can be heard. While you are speaking, if someone puts their fingers on their ears, you are not being heard, and should speak up.
- If you are feeling nervous about speaking, one good trick is to engage the audience. Ask a question and turn the speech into a conversation. Another good trick is to think of a single bisexual who may be in the audience. He or she may not be out, and you could be helping them. If just one person benefits, then your engagement has been a success.
- Audience members will ask you questions. When someone asks a question and you do not know what to say, repeat the question. This gives you a few more seconds to think of a response. If you need a moment, say so to the audience. You can even come back to the question later.
- Speak from your heart. If you do not know the answer, say so and promise to find out. Never say you know when you don't — chances are, someone in the audience does. People respect honesty. Tell them what you know, and keep your promise.

## Dealing With Biphobia

- When confronted with biphobia, let me suggest that you remember what you are trying to do as a speaker. I believe we are trying to foster understanding. Listen with your mind and body before responding. One option is to let someone speak, and then go on to the next question. Sometimes people just want to be heard. On the other hand, I believe in naming biphobia when I hear it. People need to understand that we are in the community and we are here to stay.
- I say, never trade insults. If someone wants to get you upset and you bite, then he or she has succeeded. Remember that speaking as an out bisexual is sacred work; no one can ever take that blessing away from you.
- Never tolerate abuse. Don't be afraid to ask your host to step in and deal with the situation. Your safety and security are the responsibility of the parties who invited you. If a situation feels unsafe, leave.



# Speaking Up In San Francisco:

## THE BIRTH OF A SPEAKERS' NETWORK

*This past winter, I agreed to coordinate the revival of the Bay Area Bisexual Network's Speakers Bureau. This May we launched the network, with approximately 15 volunteers willing to speak. And what a journey took place in between...*

**I**n January, I and the other members of the BABN Board began our trek. First, we planned our training. We produced a flyer and distributed it throughout the Bay Area.

In February, we reserved a room at a local educational institute, scheduled presenters for each part of the training, and began producing an information packet to distribute to participants at the end of the training. To help us plan, we requested that all participants pre-register, but expected a few to show up at the door anyway. To cover room rental and food costs, we also requested a small donation, and accepted volunteer work in lieu of payment.

We spent March continuing getting the word out and faxing our public service announcement to more than 50 local newspapers, magazines, radio stations and public television channels.

When April 26th arrived at last, I was grateful that the day was here and panicked, as coordinator of the event, that some detail may have fallen through. Some helpful comrades reminded me to breathe; others wisely suggested that I surrender my notion of perfection. The agenda was full. I had allowed room for flexibility, and I hoped that the time limits would work for the participants. The training would be what it would be.

About 15 bisexual and transgendered activists attended. The training picked up momentum throughout the day. We hit one or two bumpy spots, but the participants were involved and connected, and that was the essence, after all.

The day ended with a ritual. All the participants took home an agate of their choice as a reminder of their experience. It was a sacred gathering, as people committed to learning and communicating.

Our network has been born anew!



Patricia Kevena Fili





# "I'VE NEVER HAD A BISEXUAL CLIENT..."

by Jenny Bitner  
Illustrations by Julia Keel



**W**hen I called the therapy office, I said I was dealing with my sexual attraction to women. I wanted someone who was not homophobic. They assured me their counselors were all open-minded.

The therapist with whom I started meeting was about 50, and seemed warm but stern. I liked her but I was a little frightened of her. She was more directive than any counselor I had been to before, giving me advice and telling me her opinion on things. Early on, she told me she didn't think I should sleep with anyone for a while. I was surprised that she would give me advice; other counselors in the past had always let me make my own decisions.

Even though she was opinionated, I liked my counselor. Her views were spiritual, like mine, and she believed that everything happened for a reason. There was something soothing about that.

## Can a Therapist Help You if She Doesn't Believe You Exist?

At the time, I was in a manic state, needing to fix everything. I felt very far out of touch with my center. Every moment felt like an emergency, like I should be doing something different. My life was ticking away like big moments on a clock. I was

stuck. I would not get done what I needed to do. Her New Age faith that things were happening on time soothed me. I went into her office, getting my herbal tea on the way in, and relaxed to a voice that seemed to think I was okay.

Sometimes I wondered if she was in the ministry, because she seemed to have such strong moral stands on issues like monogamy and casual sex. I also wondered if she was gay. I figured that, after my insistence on the telephone, if there were a gay counselor they would have given her to me. Her looks *could* be interpreted as slightly butch — short, choppy reddish-brown hair, plain wool sweaters, always pants.

I talked to her about my problems, one of which was having become lovers with a female friend and not knowing what it meant in my life. I'd read a lot of coming-out stories at this time and wondered if I were a lesbian. Every coming-out story I'd ever read went like this: A woman — an intelligent, wonderful woman, empathetic and certainly well-read — has been sleeping with men. Then, oh then, she has an encounter with a woman. This new woman is softer, more sympathetic, and more linguistically dexterous than our heroine had ever imagined possible. She fades happily into the world of lesbianism with some possible hatred from others but no inner doubts.

I wasn't experiencing that. How would I describe my first time with a woman? Nice. Exciting. Maniacally confusing. Giddily frightening — I didn't know entirely what I was doing. I also didn't feel ready to renounce all of my experiences with men or to consider all of my heterosexual years as invalid. Had I not been admitting my true feelings because they didn't jive with society's beliefs?

I had been in love with a man before. I had been engaged to a man. I had stayed up all night and into the morning, fucking in what, for me, was love. As hard as I tried to



renounce these experiences, there they were. In my mind it was an either/or equation — either you're straight or you're gay. I would flip-flop back and forth in my mind between believing I was genuinely a heterosexual with some mild feelings for women and feeling I was a lesbian in the first blooms of coming out. Because I knew I had sexual feelings for men, sometimes I figured I must be heterosexual by default. That thesis led me to many agonizing nights, trying to fight down my feelings for women.

**M**y feelings for women were strong and were flooding my brain in strange ways. There was my obsession with women's hands. I started to look at hands differently. I have always loved hands, but now they seemed like the most obvious sexual object. I wrote about eight poems involving women's hands, and would find myself thinking of my friends' hands at odd moments. I had sexual fantasies about women non-stop. I thought about my friend all the time. When she called me on the phone I felt sick to my stomach — sounds terrible, but it was a true symptom of love for me.

I was trying to deal with all these feelings in therapy. My attraction to my friend, and my feelings about that attraction, came up many times. Every time we tried to figure out my sexual orientation, it involved whether I was a lesbian or not. We didn't really use those words, but the way the options were drawn out were: Do you want to be with a man or a woman?

I didn't really think of bisexuality as an option very much in the beginning, but at some point I started reading about it and thinking about it. When I first brought up bisexuality, she didn't seem very happy about it. She said she didn't think it existed, that most people decided one way or the other.

I wasn't saying, "I am bisexual." I was just thinking about it as an option. She said people were one way or the other, and she gave me an intricate explanation of how homosexuality was genetic. When she started talking about this, she became very emotional. She even gave me a magazine article on the topic.

Inside her genetic argument, I sensed resentment toward someone who would choose to be gay. Even though I didn't know any bisexuals at the time, I knew there were bisexual people out there. For a while, every time I went to a library, I would scan the titles for books about bisexuality. I found a few in the Pennsylvania State Library, including one that

was sort of interesting, although it had a '70s feel-good-love tone that I didn't relate to. But finding just one book with a bisexual title made me feel good.

My therapist and I started to have regular arguments about bisexuality. We argued whether homosexuality was genetic, whether someone could be bisexual. At the end of the sessions I wasn't convinced that what I believed was true, but I didn't think what she felt was true, either. I felt very alone.

The arguments left me confused. Why was she arguing with me? Why did she care? Wasn't I allowed to have my opinion? I trusted her yet, and felt bad for contesting her. I was scared she wouldn't like me. It felt weird to argue with my therapist. I was so depressed, and she was giving me a glimpse out of the hell I was stuck in.

I needed her. She was my only ally. I would cry every day and drive in my car, not sure where I was driving, just looking for some way out of the pain. I worried non-stop,

feeling that I should be someplace else... but where? It seemed like I should be doing something different.

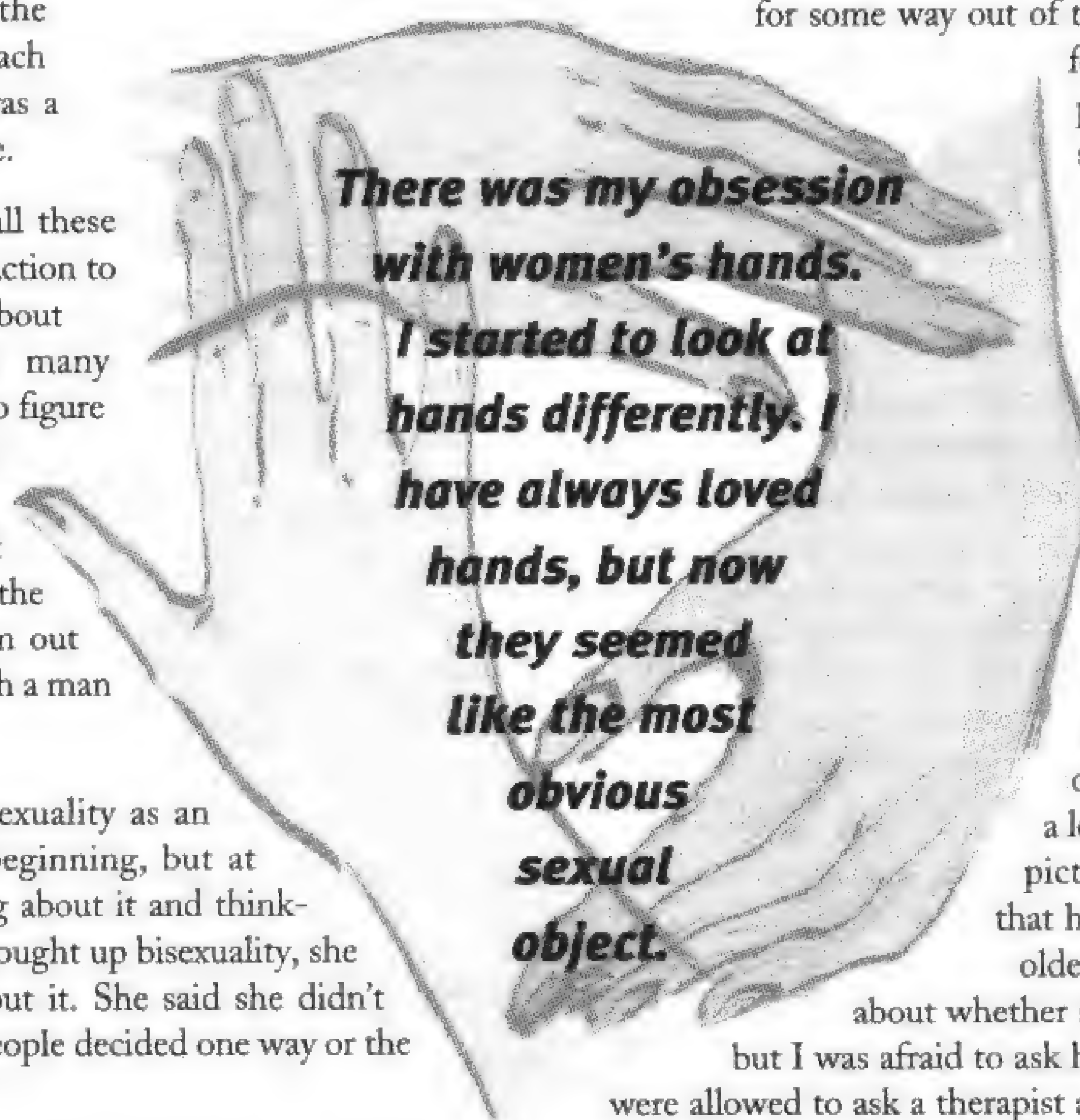
At one point my therapist told me she'd never had a client who was bisexual. That bothered me. I wondered why she'd said this, and I felt odd for bringing it up. I felt like some kind of an alien.

For weeks, I wondered about my therapist's sexual orientation. I thought she was a lesbian at times; other times, I pictured her happily married, that her slightly butch look was an older matronly one. My curiosity

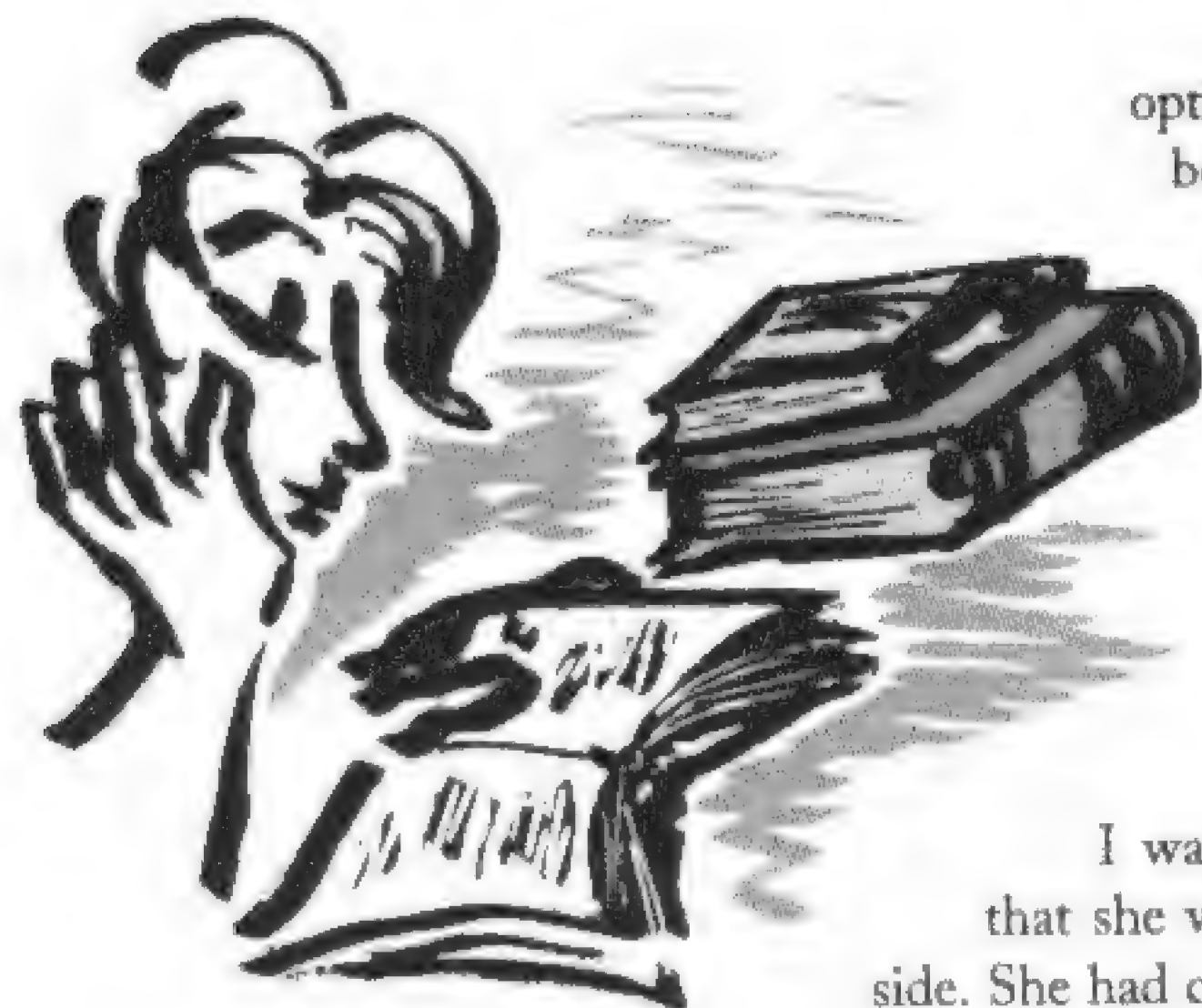
about whether she was a lesbian was strong, but I was afraid to ask her. I didn't even know if you were allowed to ask a therapist a question like that.

Finally, I asked her if she was married. She said, no, she was involved in a long-term relationship with a woman. She knew what I wanted to ask. I felt ashamed for asking her, for caring. Somehow knowing that she was a lesbian made me feel that I wasn't lesbian enough and that was why she didn't like me. I felt guilty, like I had been fooling around in her turf but didn't belong there.

I was hurt that my therapist didn't believe bisexuality existed. If anyone should believe in it, I felt, it would be a homosexual person. By this time, I was reading a lot about bisexuality, and was becoming more exposed to bisexuality as a legitimate







option. I felt sad because my counselor was a lesbian and didn't seem to want me "in the group."

I was also angry that she wasn't on my side. She had come out as a

lesbian at 28. When I told her about my relationship with my friend and said that my friend was younger than I, she said that made sense — if she were older, she wouldn't have gotten involved with someone who hasn't made up her mind.

I told her I was mad at her because she was telling me what to do. She said that it was okay that I was mad at her, and that she was glad I'd told her. She felt it was her role to give advice but I didn't have to listen. I didn't even think it was her role to give advice. I just wanted her to listen and let me work things out.

**A**t times I thought about leaving therapy because of her attitudes, but I didn't. I liked her and she was helping me with my depression in other ways. Sometimes when I left her office, things felt clearer and the fog of self-hatred and doubt lifted a little. She advised me to move out of my parents' home, which was a good idea. She also said that it might be good for me to leave central Pennsylvania, which I eventually did.

Eventually, I decided to leave therapy. I had come out of my depression some and I felt that therapy was no longer help-

ing me because I had different opinions than my counselor. We ended on a good note, and I cried when I left.

Not many outlets for bisexuals exist in central Pennsylvania. I don't know if there are any. Even the gay and lesbian resources are hidden; they are not in the city paper or in the newspaper resource section. After I left therapy, I continued looking for new books, and one day I found one — *Bi Any Other Name*. I was euphoric. I stayed up all night reading and experienced a tremendous sense of release and freedom. So many people in the book were dealing with the same feelings I had — people being bisexual in all kinds of ways and forms. This book confirmed my identity for me in a way, making me feel better about being bisexual.

Therapists are often the first people to whom we express bisexual feelings. It would have been easy for me to accept my therapist's opinion and not argue, as I'm sure many clients do. A therapist acts as a mirror of the self. It was very important to me that mine see all parts of me, but she didn't want to look.

Since then, I have found many resources for bisexuals, including this magazine, more books, and the bi community in San Francisco. But when I was coming out they were not available to me, and my story doesn't only happen in small towns or red-neck areas, or anywhere but where you live — a friend of mine recently had a similar experience here in San Francisco.

It's still happening everywhere.

*Jenny Bitner is working on a bisexual coming-out novel. If you're interested in becoming a patron, please contact her care of Anything That Moves.*

## ALL BI, MYSELF by Kathrine Douthit





# faggot

by Michael Koenig

I didn't go to school that day  
And we were playing a game  
And I ran after him as fast  
As I could. Faster.  
And we ran across lawns and  
Over sidewalks toward the park.  
And I caught him among the trees  
And tackled him.  
And he was tickling me.

We were wrestling  
And I was out of breath.  
And he pinned me to the ground  
We were rolling in the dirt  
And he kissed me, his tongue  
The smell of peanuts on his breath.  
And I could hear my own breath  
And I'd never really been kissed.

The hair on his chest  
The stubble on his cheek  
My fingers in his hair  
And I was getting an erection  
And he was tugging at my zipper.  
And I was pulling down his pants.

And he kissed me and ripped my shirt  
And called me faggot.  
He said I knew you were.

I knew you were.  
And I hit him with my fist.  
And my lip was bleeding  
And I started crying.  
And then I had to walk home.

And you were civil about this  
Meaning: You act as if it never happened  
You speak in a modulated tone  
You learn to despise what you are  
Fear the knowing looks  
Fear what you are

It is salt on your tongue.

And the closest you ever come  
To courage is talking drunk  
Or talking in secret.

Someone is always watching you  
In the air.  
You are watching in the air.

---

*Michael Koenig is a writer, editor, desktop publisher, and designer in Oakland, CA. His poetry has appeared in Cathartic, Poetry: USA, Prisoners of the Night, Spitball, Aethlon, and Elysian Fields Quarterly, and also in a number of anthologies published by Britain's Arrival Press. Recently, he published his first chapbook, Swimming Underwater.*





# Getting Help:

## Choosing a Therapist for BGLT Issues

by Judith Plummer, with Herschel Knapp

Illustrations by Julia Keel

*Herschel Knapp is not my therapist...*

*...but he is a therapist practicing in the Los Angeles area. Instead of having a professional relationship, we became acquainted due to our mutual affiliation with BiNet LA. Because we do not have a therapist-client relationship, we have the freedom to talk about the whole therapy process, and I can ask him the questions we all want answers to, about how to choose a therapist who will be good for you as a bisexual, gay, lesbian, or transgendered person.*

**Judith Plummer:** Before I found my current therapist, I went to my local gay/lesbian center for counseling. It seemed like the majority of therapists there were volunteers doing internships. How much actual experience in counseling do would-be therapists get before they are actually given a license and cut loose?

**Herschel Knapp:** I can only answer this question on behalf of Masters of Social Work (MSWs): The MSW program consists of a two-year, full-time masters program, along with two internships, amounting to 1,080 hours of (clinical) service.

**JP:** How much training does the average therapist get these days on sexual orientation issues? What kind of training?

**HK:** Speaking on behalf of the program that I went through, nearly none. I had a "cultural diversity" course. I recall two brief articles about gay men. Additionally, we had a guest speaker for about an hour, who discussed the stresses related to being closeted.

**JP:** Do you think that someone who is queer has different issues when choosing a therapist than someone straight would have?

**HK:** According to the Diagnostic Statistical Manual (DSM-

IV), a book assembled by the American Psychiatric Association that lists all of the psychiatric disorders, sexual orientation is not recognized as a diagnosable disorder.

**JP:** Still, don't BGLT clients have special issues in therapy? I don't feel that I can go into any neighborhood counseling center anywhere and find a therapist who understands what it's like to be queer.

**HK:** This is not to say that sexual orientation is not a relevant issue in therapy; however, the focus of the therapy tends to be on correlated symptoms (i.e., depression, relational problems, somatic [physical] disorders, anxiety disorders, etc.). Most therapists are qualified to deal with these [diagnosable] disorders, but certainly it would be nice if you could find someone who had an awareness and sensitivity with respect to the sexual orientation issues.

**JP:** How can you find out if the therapist you selected is appropriate to work with sexual orientation issues?

**HK:** Most BGLT periodicals carry numerous ads for therapists, regardless of their sexual orientation. Some even say "gay friendly." Try to avoid falling into the practice of believing everything you read; there's no guarantee that they're going to be a perfect match for you. An ad may be a good start, but you may wish to investigate further.



**JP:** So what other ways can you search for a therapist who understands queer issues?

**HK:** As with any search, referrals from friends may be beneficial. You selected your friends because there was some fundamental common base between you. This commonality may provide a good link to an appropriate therapist. You may also contact the mental health referral desk at a local BGLT service center. Very often, they can provide you with a list of appropriate therapists.

**JP:** Most queer people I talk to say that having a queer therapist is important to them. As a client, don't you have the right to know your therapist's sexual orientation?

**HK:** No. There are many parameters that regulate the therapist's legal and ethical responsibility with respect to patients. However, self-disclosure is reserved for the therapist's discretion — technically, the only "personal information" that therapists are required to disclose about themselves is their true name, degree, and license number.

**JP:** OK, if all a therapist is required to give you is essentially "name, rank, and serial number," can you perhaps suggest what kinds of questions might help bring the therapist's positive, negative or simply uninformed views of bisexuality into plain view so that the would-be client can make a good decision?

**HK:** If the therapist prefers to withhold personal information (a privilege s/he is entitled to), you might want to ask the therapist about his/her experience with respect to working with non-straight. Ask about internships, volunteer work, publications, professional affiliations, etc.

Chances are, if the therapist is sensitive to BGLT issues, then his or her professional experience may reflect that. Again, recognize that, technically, this question would be classified as self-disclosure. However, since it's not as personal in nature, it may stand a better chance at getting answered.

**JP:** OK, what if you discuss this stuff (past experience, internships, etc.) but you're still not sure the therapist is right for you?

**HK:** Another strategy (for anyone seeking therapy) is to arrange for an evaluation with the therapist. Tell your therapist that after a few sessions (3-5), you'd like to review your professional relationship. This is not to say that your problem will be miraculously resolved in that time, but at least you'll have a feel for each other. Take some time to look at the relationship you have with your therapist:

1. *Are you chronically uncomfortable?*
2. *Is the therapist's style too abrasive or too soft for you?*
3. *Is there something about the therapist that stops you from speaking freely?*

Of course, it's difficult to assign all of these attributes to the therapist; working on emotionally difficult issues puts a lot of pressure on you. You may feel inhibited discussing these subjects with anyone. It's up to you and your therapist to evaluate the functionality of the therapeutic relationship as honestly as possible. Remember, you always reserve the right to make the final decisions.

**JP:** I don't know my own therapist's sexual orientation. He declined to tell me, saying that there were some things that it might not be good for me to know at an early stage of my therapy. At first, I thought this was a real bullshit answer, but now I'm beginning to see his point. If I had trouble accepting some observation he made during one of our sessions, and I knew his sexual orientation, I might be inclined to say, "Well, isn't that just what you'd expect from a straight man," or "Isn't that just what you'd figure that a gay man would say," or whatever. By not knowing, I can't color the messages I receive from my therapist.

**HK:** Keep in mind that just because you do locate a therapist who is BGLT, they may not necessarily be right for you. Therapists vary vastly in terms of their experience, practice approach, personality, etc.

Remember that one needn't be BGLT to provide appropriate services, just as an orthopedist needn't have had every bone in his or her body broken in order to provide competent care.





**JP:** Have you ever come out to a client? If so, what compelled you to feel it would be positive for the client for you to do so? Are there other situations where you did not, because you did not feel it would be of benefit to the client?

**HK:** Typically, I disclose very little of my personal life to clients. We have 50 minutes per week to address issues related to helping them. My feeling — and opinions vary widely — is that self-disclosure serves only to detract from the focus on the patient's problem. For example, when I'm working with a patient who's dealing with a mood disorder [e.g., depression], I see little value in disclosing my sexual orientation; it's simply an irrelevant factor. Such a disclosure would do nothing to help the patient; hence, I'd not include it. This is not to say that there aren't exceptions.

**JP:** For instance?

**HK:** When a patient's primary reason for treatment involves difficulties related to a sexual orientation issue, I ask, "Do you think you'd feel more comfortable working with a gay therapist?" If they say yes, then I tell them that I'd be pleased to work with them. If they say that they'd like to work with a straight therapist (I'm typically mistaken for straight), then I tell them that I can offer them a referral (at which point, each client has said that they want to work with me). I end self-disclosure there, in order to avoid therapy turning into a Q&A advice session. Therapy is not about giving advice.

**JP:** How do you decide if you need an actual psychologist, psychiatrist, or Licensed Clinical Social Worker (LCSW)?

**HK:** LCSWs are trained to provide clinical diagnoses and counseling. Psychologists can do counseling and administer specialized tests where indicated. A psychiatrist is a medical doctor who's also trained in the use of psychotropic drugs and counseling. Most people begin by seeing a LCSW or a psychologist; if the therapist feels that psychotropic drugs ought to be considered as a component of the treatment, a referral may be made to a psychiatrist to handle the medical aspects of the case.

**JP:** All this alphabet soup is confusing! What do all these different abbreviations indicate — LCSW, MFCC, MSW, etc.?

**HK:** An MSW is a Master of Social Work. An MSSW is a Master of Science in Social Work. Some schools use MSW, others use MSSW; essentially, it's the same degree, as regulated by the Council on Social Work Education.

An LCSW is a Licensed Clinical Social Worker. This is a person who has an MSW (or MSSW) and has met state licensing requirements. In California, for instance, licensing requirements are: 3,200 hours of post-graduate experience, passed written and oral exams. (Practice hours and examinations vary from state to state.)

An ASW is an Associate Social Worker. This is a person who has an MSW and is currently accumulating hours toward licensing. ASWs must register with the state and practice under LCSWs, who provide supervision and consultation with regard to their cases.

An MFCC is a Marriage, Family and Child Counselor. Unlike the MSW, which is recognized by all states, this degree is only honored in select states.

You should recognize that there's nothing in particular after the name (e.g., Ph.D., MFCC, MSW, etc.) that might give you a clue as to this person's qualification or sensitivity to non-straight issues. Technically, everyone who holds an advanced degree in the behavioral science field is taught something about the diversity of sexual orientations, but as in any profession, not everyone can be strong in every area.

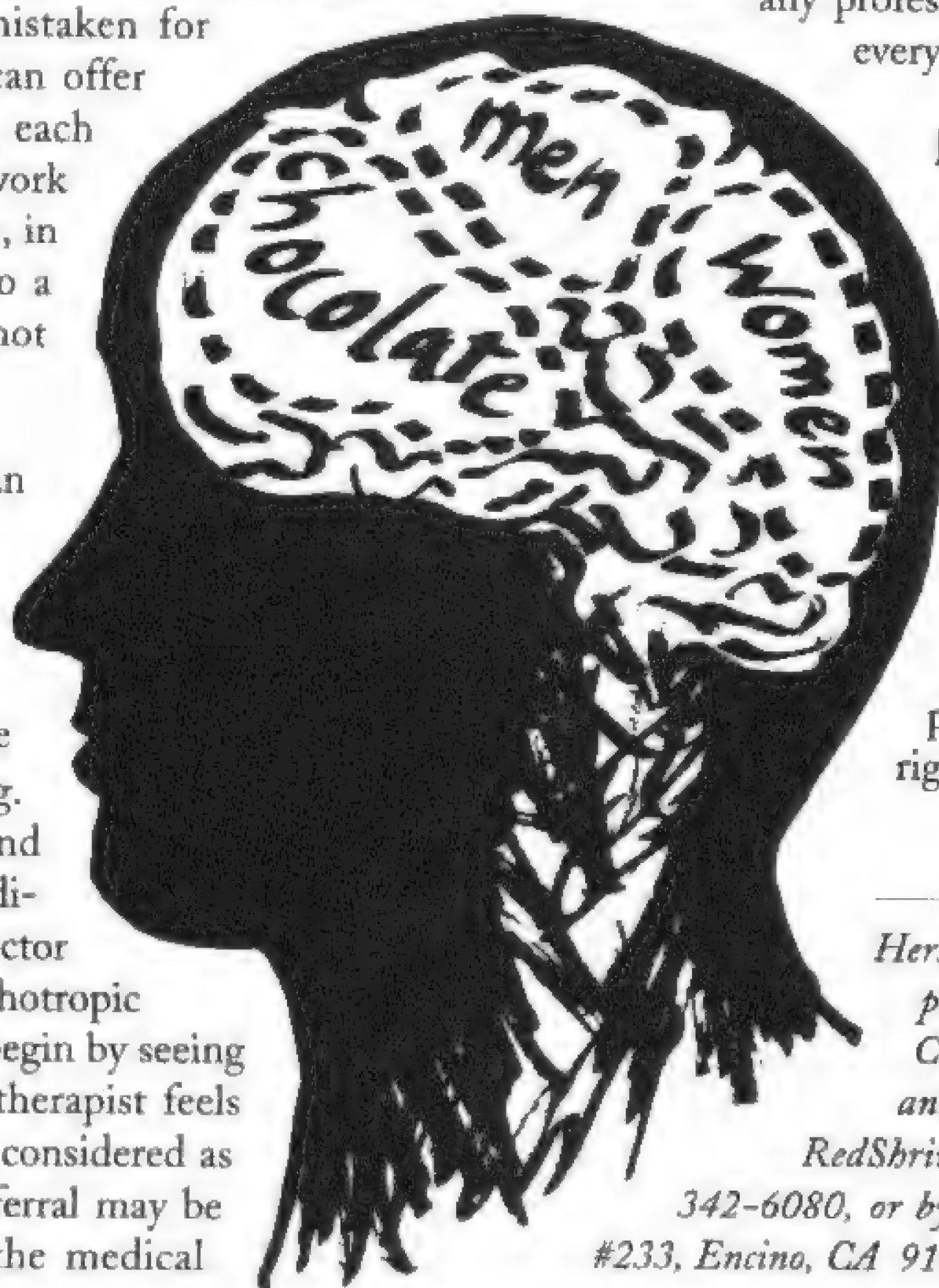
**JP:** Is there anything else bisexuals and other queer folk should remember when looking for a therapist?

**HK:** You, as a person, are an evolving, self-aware entity, consisting of a complex system of life experiences, memories, thoughts, and feelings. It's up to you to decide if your contact with other people (therapists included) feels right or not.

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*Judith Plummer is a writer now living in the San Francisco Bay Area. She remains a member of BiNet LA and also continues to work with her Pasadena-based therapist.*

*This article was originally printed in BiNet Los Angeles' newsletter in a longer form, and is reprinted with permission from the authors.*





# Bisexual Realities: Finding Our Voices

*This past February, Anything That Moves co-sponsored a panel and book-signing for Beth Firestein, editor of Bisexuality: The Psychology and Politics of an Invisible Minority, and several San Francisco authors whose work appears in her book. Beth is an author and licensed psychologist who works with BGLT issues in Colorado. Before the panel, ATM staffers Jenny Bitner and John Denton sat down with Beth to talk about her book, bisexual identities and queer politics.*

All photos provided by Beth Firestein.

*Jenny Bitner: How has your trip to San Francisco been?*

**Beth Firestein:** The last time I was here was for a conference in '93 and before that in 1990 for the National Bisexual Conference, which was my first experience of being in community with that many other bisexual people in one place at one time. It was immeasurably exciting. I was really thrilled to have the opportunity to meet and interact in casual, social, and intellectual ways with so many bisexual people. Just to know that a community existed was important to me.

I participated in the large San Francisco Gay Pride Freedom Day Parade and marched with the bisexual contingent. I felt this tremendous sense of euphoria, joy, and excitement about being part of this movement and that positive expression of bisexual energy in what has traditionally been the gay and lesbian march.

This was also around the time *Bi Any Other Name* was being published. Part of my own coming-out process as a bisexual professional was writing a chapter called "Development of a Bisexual Identity" for Lani and Loraine's anthology. I had personally been out for a long time, but I was just starting to come out more professionally in 1989 and it felt like a big, scary step to have my name plastered all over a chapter that

had some personal experience in it — not just intellectual content but something that talked about me. I chose to write under a pen name because I wasn't quite ready to be that out of control of that information. When you publish under your own name on a sexuality issue or topic, you are opening yourself up in a lot more ways than you might initially realize.

Coming back to San Francisco on this trip has been the completion of a circle. When I was here in 1990, the bisexuality book wasn't even a glimmer in my mind, although I had a general desire to write about bisexuality. I had just stuck my toe in the water with *Bi Any Other Name*, and I was becoming more active in doing educational training on GLB issues for counselors at our university. I was also active at national conferences and starting to become better known for presenting on bisexuality at professional meetings. In a sense, the 1990 National Bi Conference marked the initiation of a whole wave of events that led to my decision to write the book.

In coming back here, I am meeting and working with people who were my mentors, colleagues, and friends. These are people like Lani Ka'ahumanu, Ron Fox, and Carol Queen, whom I had connected with at a much earlier stage of my own development. So I have quite a sense of completion.



ATM staffers Jenny Bitner (left) and John Denton (right) with Beth Firestein (middle), editor of *Bisexuality: The Psychology and Politics of an Invisible Minority*.





Beth Firestein in front of the Women's Building in San Francisco, CA.

Not only that, but this trip is the first time for me to meet in person several of the authors who contributed to this book. For example, I had worked with Maggi Rubenstein, Margo Rila, and James Green by e-mail and over the phone, but I had never met any of them. It has been exciting to put faces to names and spend some quality time getting to know some of the people who have so generously contributed their time and talent to this book. Having the book published, doing a signing at A Different Light bookstore, giving a lecture at The Institute for the Advanced Study for Human Sexuality; in my mind these are very significant, if not historic, events. [They're] one more step toward creating bisexual visibility and enhancing bisexual pride.

*JB: Do you think that coming to the SF Bisexual Conference in 1990 and receiving a lot of affirmation helped you write this book under your own name? Did it help you feel comfortable about being out in the academic community?*

BF: Definitely. I do think the conference was an important milestone in that process for me. The conference gave me a sense of affirmation and widespread validation for my identity while I was here. Simple things like not having to feel uncomfortable when I talked about "the man in my life" or

the "woman in my life," and not having to hide any part of myself. Such affirmation from others gave me a sense of connection to a community that I had really lacked living in the rural midwest. In the past, I always had to gain my sense of bisexual community pretty much from a distance. I've had individual bisexual friends, but I don't live near any of them. Finding a community that I could be connected to continuously through *ATM*, bi colleagues, and BiNet USA has allowed my personal and professional expression of bisexuality to blossom.

*JB: Why do you think there is discrimination against bisexuals in the gay and lesbian community?*

BF: I think that some of the roots of gay and lesbian discrimination against bisexuals are the same as the roots of discrimination against LesBiGays in the heterosexual community, and some are different. The roots common to biphobia in all communities are fear and lack of understanding of what bisexuality is and what it means to be a bisexual person, and the generally sexualized perceptions of bisexuals.

In our culture as a whole, we tend to project fearful and unwanted characteristics of ourselves onto "the other," whoever "the other" may be — dark people for a white culture, women in a male culture, gay and lesbian people for straight culture, or bisexuals for gay and lesbian culture. Whoever becomes "the other" tends to inherit the disowned and projected parts of ourselves. Discrimination is based on the fears that the dominant group has about itself — characteristics that individuals in the dominant group are afraid to embrace in themselves — for example, sexuality, power, or the capacity for violence. We all have a mixture of light and darkness in ourselves. To be able to accept our whole humanness, both light and dark sides, is no small challenge. It is much easier to say, "I am the good one, and you are the bad one!" Then we don't have to deal with those aspects of ourselves that are very troubling or difficult to accept.

Beyond that, there is the pervasive and unrelenting heterosexism of our culture that denies gay, bisexual, and lesbian people their right to love as well as basic civil and human rights in our society. In the gay and lesbian culture there is a lot of fear about letting anything or anyone who is connected to heterosexual culture into the "safe zone" of the gay and lesbian community. Bisexuals often bridge communities and live in more than one community. This is threatening to gay men and lesbians because of what it means if we don't keep our ranks tightly closed and protect this small amount of safe space that we have. Bisexuals are perceived as a threat to that small zone of safety in the community.

A lot of the gay/lesbian fears about bisexuals also have to do with the myths and misunderstandings about bisexual people. We are seen as not really queer, and hence not really committed to gay and lesbian rights. Of course, you and I



know that there are bisexual people who are really committed to those things and bisexual people who are not. There is always a kernel of truth to be examined in any expression of fear like that.

But it is also true that there are many gay and lesbian people who choose to "pass." There are others who are not actively involved in the struggle for civil rights and who are not willing to be out and visible — a lot of times for good reasons. I prefer to look at those who are afraid or hateful with as much compassion as I can to try and understand where that fear is coming from and its basis. Then I try to ally myself with our gay, lesbian, and transgender brothers and sisters to unite against our common oppression which is homophobic and heterosexist oppression. Or racist or sexist oppression. But then there is this unacknowledged oppression from our gay and lesbian brothers and sisters called biphobia.

The direction to look for overcoming biphobia has to do with creating alliances and working together to understand what our shared oppressions are and what our shared goals are. We all share the desire to live in a society that supports us in loving those that we choose to love. We all believe in the right to create personal, fulfilling, satisfying emotional and sexual relationships. There is no question that we have a lot in common, but there is also no question that tension and hostility toward bisexual people currently exist in some segments of the gay and lesbian community. This tension needs to be addressed and worked with over and over until it can be refashioned into something different and positive.

*JB: Do you think that the discrimination is greater in the lesbian community*

*because of the connection between lesbianism and the feminism of the '70s, and feminism's attempts to counter patriarchy as being overtly and historically oppressive?*

**BF:** I definitely think that the early connections between lesbianism and feminism do contribute to the specific tensions existing between the lesbian and bisexual women's communities. Several writers have addressed this really well. Early definitions of lesbianism were broad enough to encompass women who loved both women and men. The defining characteristic of the "lesbian" was a woman who loved women,

not a woman who did not love men! You could love men, but if you also loved women you could be included under the definition of "lesbian."

Then, in the 1980s, "identity politics" started to crystallize. "Lesbian feminist" became more defined as an identity and there was a "narrowing down" of what that identity had originally meant. A lesbian no longer meant a woman who loved

women, but now it became a woman who only loved women and not men. At least, that was the definition although it has never been very true in practice for many women who identified as lesbian. There have always been women who have identified under the "umbrella" term lesbian who have had relationships with men. Paula Rust asserts that it was the narrowing of the definition of lesbian that actually created the need for

**'It has been a common myth that somehow bisexuals have not been part of the movement all along and now they suddenly want to join!'**

bisexual identity and the bisexual movement. We bisexuals could no longer be subsumed under the broad umbrella of "gay." I think that it has been a common myth that somehow bisexuals have not been a part of the movement all along and

now they suddenly want to join. Although that may be true for some bisexuals, other bisexuals have always been part of and present in the gay and lesbian movements.

*JD: I am interested in polyamory. How do you see polyamory today and how do you explain it?*

**BF:** I came out as a bisexual person during the time when "open relationship" and "non-monogamy" were the terms most often used to describe this relationship style. I am getting more used to the term "polyamory" now.

Whatever term you use, what this concept is about is our unlimited capacity to love and the desire to be able to express our loving and our sexual feelings in an unrestricted way in our lives. I have personally always felt that the choice to love more than one person should be a valid option available to anyone of whatever sexual orientation or gender identity. There is a tremendous amount of fear and prejudice levied against people who choose to have more than one loving or sexual relationship in their life at one time.

Trying to have polyamorous relationships in this culture at this time is definitely swimming upstream! It takes a lot of



Beth Firestein relaxes with Carol Queen, James Green, Ron Fox and Maggie Rubenstein, contributors to her recent anthology.



work and effort and it's not always easy to find partners who share those convictions and those values. Even when you do, there are so many challenges and obstacles in our culture and with other people's reactions. So I think it takes a lot of courage and commitment for someone to choose a polyamorous relationship style. It's very helpful if you are in an environment where there is some support for doing that.

As a therapist, I see a huge amount of bias in the therapist community against polyamory. Paula Rust's chapter on polyamory in *Bisexuality* is the first chapter in an academic book, one intended to influence clinicians and researchers as well as to inform the lay public, that takes a positive attitude

towards valuing polyamory and challenges the idea that monogamy is the only healthy way to have a relationship. I believe it's going to be a very, very long time before the therapist community as a whole is truly able to embrace and support people in making polyamorous choices. That's not to say that there aren't a few counselors out there who are truly

able to support people in making that choice. But in some ways, it's going to be harder to gain acceptance of polyamory than it is to gain acceptance of the bisexual identity. I have personally challenged colleagues around this issue and there is tremendous defensiveness and mental "blindness" about their acknowledging that there even is a bias. It is assumed that only those living in a monogamous relationship are truly psychologically healthy.

*JD: How do you put that all together in your own life? It's always been difficult with me to be perfectly serial in my relationships. Are there people who can easily blend both kind of relationships in a parallel fashion?*

*BF: I really can't speak to how easy or difficult that is for others. I know that I have had*

a variety of experiences during my own life. There have been times when having important and significant men and women in my life at the same time has been tremendously challenging and difficult, and other times when it's been pretty easy. That had a lot to do with who my partners were, how centered I was in my own sense of self, and my own ability to be clear and communicate well and to obtain consent from my partners about whatever arrangement it was that we wished to create.

In general, having concurrent relationships with men and women is more challenging than not having them! For myself, I really do get very different feelings from being with

men than I do when I am with women. My experience relating to men and women is a very gendered experience. I experience myself differently and I experience my partner's gender as a salient element of our interaction. I like having both male and female energies in my life. I don't feel I "have to" but I feel it is very fulfilling for me when I have the opportunity. But there have also been times in my life when I have felt very fulfilled with only one relationship.

**"A lot of the gay/lesbian fears about bisexuals also have to do with the myths and misunderstandings about bisexual people. We are seen as not really queer, and hence not really committed to gay and lesbian rights."**

*Beth A. Firestein, Ph.D., is a licensed psychologist in private practice in Loveland, Colorado. She provides individual, couple and group counseling, educational outreach on sexuality and other topics, and consultation services through her company, Inner Source Psychotherapy and Consultation Services. She has a Arabian horse named P.J. Ferrari and loves everything about Colorado. She has been out as bisexual for more than 21 years.*

*Jenny Bitner works as Poetry Editor for Anything That Moves.*

*John Denton is a San Francisco fundraiser for non-profits and a member of Anything That Moves's staff.*




Beth poses with six of the contributors to *Bisexuality: The Psychology and Politics of an Invisible Minority* after their panel at A Different Light bookstore in San Francisco. (Left to right) Margo Rila, Lani Ka'ahumanu, Maggie Rubenstein, Beth Firestein, Carol Queen, Ron Fox and James Green.



# burninme

by Shane Luitjens

Illustration by Julia Keel



I.  
Sing about fire, she says.  
Women like to whisper in your ear.  
They like to give you a hint of what  
they aren't going to give you.  
Like sitting in a Denny's and  
waiting for the Beatles to pull  
a walrus from the muzak  
instead of  
electric vibe.

In a way, we are self-propelled,  
where Lisa says "Come on, baby,"  
and I don't.

Nobody goes anywhere,  
and that is the way it works.  
Sing about fire, she says,  
when nothing else is burning.

II.  
Less and less light comes in -  
barely enough to keep my interest in staying naked.  
Bill sleeps off his drunk and leftover chaps  
and sex. Fairly often, he'll roll over on my side  
and lay his arm across my chest and tell me that  
he loves my dick.  
I don't tell Bill anything. Not about love, whatever  
that means.

Around two or so, I get up to leave for home.  
Before going and after I kiss Bill,  
there is a period of watching headlights parade,  
dropping bundles of new copy on a nearby porch.

The paperboy will be up later.  
Even the dog across the street trusts it.  
It doesn't stop swaggering,  
attracting all the porch light and a mangy bitch.

Everything here seems to know better  
like the last time was time enough.

III.  
The first piano teacher that I had told me  
I had great hands, and since  
she was only a year older than me,  
wanted to teach me more than key changes.  
It really isn't about sex, she said, passion  
was her word for it. Rhythms produce emotion  
which produces heat which is power and,  
what she liked to say, strength. Fire, I thought.  
Shut up, she said in my mind — that's where  
she spoke to me.

I was only thirteen.

I can still do Chopsticks  
and a short session of Claire de Lune.  
Still, I can do fire, or, at least, fake it.  
When women ask, I redress DaVinci's David  
and make them think I am made of Pagliacci's skin,  
and men need to burn their creatures.  
I can do fire.

IV.  
As hard as I hit you, there is no touching.  
There will always be a point between.  
My fist. Your face. Never connect.

Not really.

Infinite amounts of betweenness.  
Somebody's law. Someone in a lab  
was beating the shit out of someone else  
without ever touching.  
So, don't worry. It isn't just you.

**Shane Luitjens is a spoken word  
performance artist in Seattle.**



# A Slut Is Born

**Lani Ka'ahumanu  
retells the genesis of  
the Safer Sex Sluts, a  
revolutionary safer  
sex how-to squad in  
San Francisco**



Photograph by Phyllis Christopher

That summer in 1992, I had just been hired as HIV Prevention Coordinator for the first-ever grant to target high risk groups of lesbian and bisexual women, and I had an unusual project in mind. The first thing I did was send out a flyer to all the local sex divas I knew in the women-loving-women community — there are quite a few of us in San Francisco. The recruitment flyer for the new group went like this:

*pssst, the flyer beckoned.*

*pssst, I want your attention.*

*pssst, this is a hot opportunity...*

*pssst.....*

## ***A PEER SAFER SEX SLUT TEAM***

*dedicated to demolishing denial*

*Are you a hot talking mistress of latex, a velvet-voiced vanilla queen of plastic wrap, a fashion diva with color-coordinated gloves and condoms, or are you a temptress with toys who has been looking for the opportunity to show what you know? Are you a serious safer sex positive woman with a commitment to creative exhibitionism and erotic play?*

*Are you interested in joining the Peer Safer Sex Slut Team (pssst) that will conduct brief interviews and perform the how-to's of hot sexually explicit safer sex for the educational benefit of our curious and less experienced sisters who attend the women's sex and dance clubs? mmm, mmm, mmm, honey WE WANT YOU.... in fact, WE NEED YOU ON OUR TEAM!*



**A**s the sun was going down on July 17, 1992, I stood outside the door of the Ecstasy Lounge, a new San Francisco women's safer sex club, trying my best to look relaxed and nonchalant. After all, I was only doing research for my new job. Nervously, I fingered the business cards in my pocket, which suddenly seemed like my official ticket to continued respectability. A non-stop "What if somebody I know sees me?" loop played like a broken record in my head. I caught myself saying, "Breathe." Taking a deep breath, I rode an ancient wave of "good Catholic girl guilt/shame/fear," and opened the door to the hustle and bustle of set-up activities.

A woman perched on a ladder waved, "Hey Lani, nice to see you. How've you been?" Hey, I thought to myself, she's in a sex club too! Well, duh, Lan... I laughed at myself and eased into yet another "virgin" experience.

The majority of women attending Ecstasy that night were on a field trip of sorts, just checking out the scene. I volunteered to work registration where I asked each guest one safer sex question before she could enter the club. Smiling as they approached the window, I'd look them directly in the eye and purr something along the lines of, "If you had your fingers inside me, what would you do beforehand?" I was met with laughter and a sassy response, or a vacant — "Holy Toledo, what have I gotten myself into?" look in their eyes. The atmosphere was friendly, playful, and sexually charged.

Later in the evening, I watched a brief safer sex demonstration. Although the demo was humorless, somewhat obscured, and lacking in verbal instruction, what I did see sparked my juices in more ways than one. An endless array of theatrical possibilities for the Safer Sex Sluts filled my imagination. Who would've thought that, three months later, I would be introduced as the Head Slut, educating cheering crowds of women? Who could have imagined that the sixteen women who responded to my flyer would be the talk of the town just weeks after their training?

For me, the main thrust of the peer safer sex slut team (*pssst*) was our motto — "dedicated to demolishing denial." The Sluts learned quickly that the more outrageous we were, the more women talked. Our maiden skit took vulnerable baby slut steps up an eight-foot ladder, enjoying the ins and outs of gloved fingers, lubricant and a condom-covered dildo. Before and after the spectacle, we provided hot talk and plenty of information. We loved to hear the gossip: "Did you hear about the Safer Sex Sluts?" The more talk, the more exposure, the more controversy, the better job we were doing. Our philosophy — all information to all women without judgement or assumptions — guided us. However, it was our lust for eroticizing safer sex that drove us.

We were in the business of giving women positive imagery that could be incorporated into their lives and sexual fantasies. Women told us they never learned by reading — they needed to actually see how to make sex safer. Others had

tried to incorporate various barriers into their sex lives but weren't sure if what they had been doing was effective and had no where to find out. Some women picked up new ideas and techniques, and most everyone loved the camaraderie of our sex and body positive attitude.

To gauge the level of information, misinformation, needs and attitudes, we conducted 900 one-on-one interviews. Our black SAFER SEX SLUTS t-shirts gave us high visibility in the dance clubs and a "uniformed" presence that provided women with the opportunity to broach the topic of safer sex and challenge the rampant denial.

A lot of lesbians continue to believe that they are untouchable by HIV. Back in the late '80s, a doctor from the Center for Disease Control (CDC) was quoted as saying that lesbians had little or no risk for HIV. This dangerously deceptive quote reappeared in other articles and fed the notion that the "lesbian" identity would protect women from AIDS. Of course, lesbians don't shoot drugs, don't have sex with men, don't engage in survival sex, or sex work, and certainly wouldn't be pierced or tattooed or be injecting steroids for bodybuilding or thinking about donor insemination to get pregnant. What was rarely revealed in any story was the CDC definition of a lesbian: a woman who has not had sex with a man since 1977. The article also neglected to mention that the CDC does not collect statistics on female-to-female transmission. And another important factoid to remember is that no studies exist "that have rigorously examined female-to-female sexual acts or cunnilingus as a risk for HIV transmission..."<sup>1</sup> The silence perpetuated a false sense of "safety" that a lesbian identity would keep you HIV-negative.

The Safer Sex Sluts reminded women of this country's record on women's health-care and posed the question: How can we make decisions about our sexual health if the information furnished by our government is

See "A Slut is Born," p.29





# Plastic [W]rap

A Safer Sex Sluts  
Production  
by Lani Ka'ahumanu,  
with Merry Winslow and  
Terri Flamer

Our sisters are hurtin',  
fightin' for their lives —  
CFIDS\*, cancer,  
dyin' under surgeons' knives.  
You think the government cares,  
works on our behalf?  
You know as well as I,  
that that is just a laugh.

So listen...

(refrain)

Cover it up, expose the lies  
Women get AIDS —  
Not just from guys  
Cover it up, expose the lie  
Women get AIDS and we die

You gonna wait for the CDC  
To tell us we're at risk for HIV?

Who loses, sister,  
when we lie about our history?  
To silently deny the fact  
that we get HIV  
Perpetuates the ignorance  
and raging apathy.  
If you think it's "them"  
look again and see  
Our sisters have been dying —  
that's reality.

If we don't take charge,  
right here and now, it's true  
In the years to come,  
it could be me and you.  
It's time to pay attention;  
It's time to play it safe,  
Even if you're thinkin'  
You'll just get to second base.

Fucking hard and sucking soft,  
and licking someone's crack,  
Touching and caressing  
on your stomach or your back.  
Pussy juice, cum, blood,  
and scat are all purveyors of  
Diseases that can raise the price  
of sex and fun and love —

Hepatitis, herpes,  
gonorrhea, hemophilus,  
Chlamydia, warts, yeast and trich,  
not to mention syphilis.

Yes... Yes my dears  
these can be spread  
When you take that girl to bed.  
So rip a piece of plastic wrap,  
cut a condom or a glove,  
Drip some lube on her clit —  
then you can make love.  
Your dildos and your butt plugs,  
sex toys of every kind,  
Are best used wrapped in latex  
if you want an easy mind.

Break through your fear and judge-  
ment, give her just a clue,  
Tell her what turns you on,  
what feels good to you.  
Take charge of your desire,  
take charge of what you do.  
Take charge of how you act  
on the safer sex issue.

And yes you love to party,  
and gettin' high's real fun,  
But losing sight of safety  
endangers everyone.

So when yer snort'n, or yer drink'n,  
or takin' that toke  
It inhibits your judgement,  
(and) that ain't no joke.

Sharing your works  
is like a loaded gun.  
If you're gonna use,  
be the only one.  
Using someone's needles,  
water, cooker, or cotton  
Will really set you up  
for something pretty rotten.

Prevention points the way  
to needle exchange;  
Take advantage of the sites,  
it's well within your range.  
The virus needs an opening  
provided by you,  
So popping, piercing and cutting  
are of concern, too.

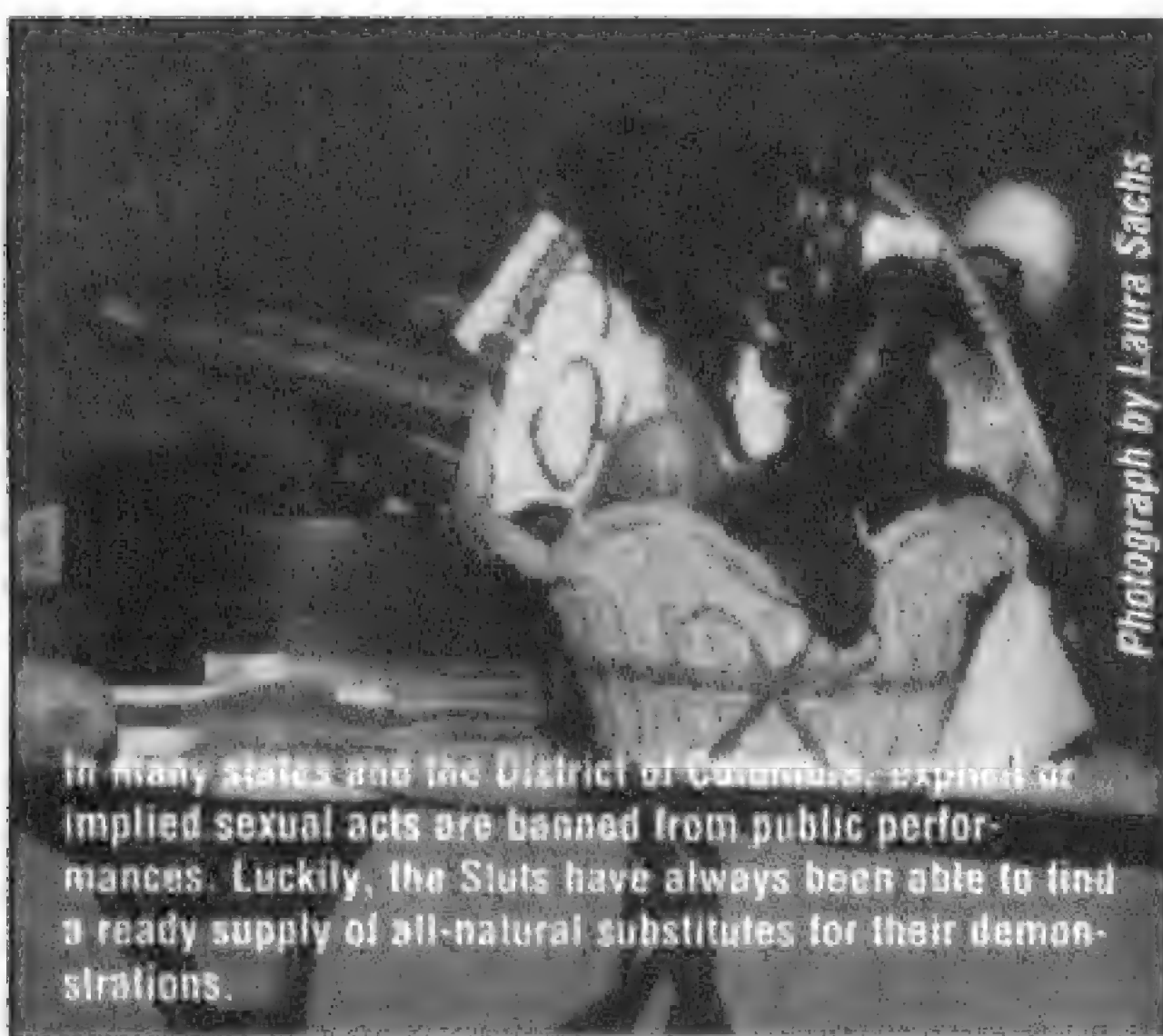
HIV knows no gender,  
class, age, race, or name.  
Once it's in your body, folks,  
it acts the same.

We've gotta pay attention.  
We've gotta take a stand.  
The threat of AIDS is everywhere,  
it's gotten out of hand.

I wanna scream, "What's happenin'?"  
What is goin' down?"  
I don't wanna be buryin' sisters  
six feet underground!  
How many women will die  
before we see the light?  
Before we get the message  
that it *is* our plight...

Demolish your denial  
both inside and out.  
Information is power —  
there is no doubt.  
Challenge the systems,  
and look fate in the eye.

Sisters, take control,  
be you trans, les, or bi.  
We've gotta trust each other  
and find our voices,  
Celebrate our sex and make  
*educated* choices.



Photograph by Laura Sachs

In many states and the District of Columbia, explicit or implied sexual acts are banned from public performances. Luckily, the Sluts have always been able to find a ready supply of all-natural substitutes for their demonstrations.

\*Chronic Fatigue Syndrome



grounded in biphobia, homophobia, and misogyny? We incorporated the invaluable anecdotal information from women including lesbians living with HIV/AIDS into our messages. The Sluts operated on the notion that the more data we have, the better choices we can make. Information is power, indeed.

**D**espite all this, the April 1997 CDC update states: "there are case reports of female-to-female transmission of HIV, and well-documented risk of female-to-male transmission of HIV (that indicate vaginal secretions and menstrual blood are potentially infectious and that mucous membrane (e.g. oral, vaginal) exposure to these secretions can potentially lead to HIV infection. ...Although female-to-female transmission of HIV is apparently rare, female sexual contact should be considered a possible means of transmission among women." Another statistic to zero in on is the category of "No Identified Risk," which is double the number for women than it is for men, and continues to rise.<sup>2</sup>

HIV risk for women who have sex with women, like for all people, varies depending upon our history, what we do and how safe we are. HIV is transmitted when blood, semen, vaginal fluids, or breast milk from an HIV-infected person enters the blood stream. Women can and do transmit HIV and sexually transmitted diseases (STDs). Safer sex and using barriers is not only about HIV, but also STDs, which are passed during unprotected vaginal, anal, oral, digital, and sex toy sex. Safer sex is about protecting yourself from, among other things, herpes, genital warts and hepatitis. Some STDs like chlamydia have no symptoms, but if left untreated can damage reproductive organs. Get tested when you go for a check up.

You may ask how the Safer Sex Sluts kept it up with the overwhelmingly negative doom and gloom, the blame and shame, and the general misinformed, head-in-the-sand mentality for the two-year grant period. With our non-dogmatic information sharing and role-modeling approach affirming that sex is not only good, but healthy, we empowered women to make educated choices, to celebrate sex and

See "A Slut is Born," p.30

# Shaking and Slutting: Boy Slut Tells All

by Mark Silver

So, anyway, there I was in my purple velvet miniskirt, lace panties (tuck, tuck), and Slut t-shirt, cheerfully handing out assorted latex and water-based products to the incoming crowds. First times are often the most memorable, and this was my first as an out bisexual Slut, performing to a mostly gay and lesbian audience at the National Gay and Lesbian Task Force's '95 Creating Change conference.

I was not at my most, uh, relaxed.

"Shadow," I whispered to the other male Slut, "Can you tell my knees are shaking?"

"I don't know, Mark, I'm shaking too badly myself to tell."

It took only a few minutes of intro to settle in, and before I knew it, I was on my knees, Saran Wrap in hand, yanking Shadow's pants down around his ankles, getting ready to show everyone a safe rim job. Lani looked distressed, I realized later, because the script was for her to drop Shadow's pants, but, as I would find out from future gigs, the show is *never* the rehearsal.

I was pulled from Shadow to go down on one of the women Sluts, which I did a little dazedly through more Saran Wrap, all too aware that the general melee of anything-that-moves sexuality might be a lot for this mostly monosexual audience. I was definitely making a reputation for myself at my first Creating Change conference — not that I was complaining at all.

Some transition it's been, from an all-women Slut team to a multi-gender one. Luckily, all the team members have been really cool (and sexy), and have made it easy to at first survive and then enjoy what can start out as a nerve-wracking bit of exhibitionism.

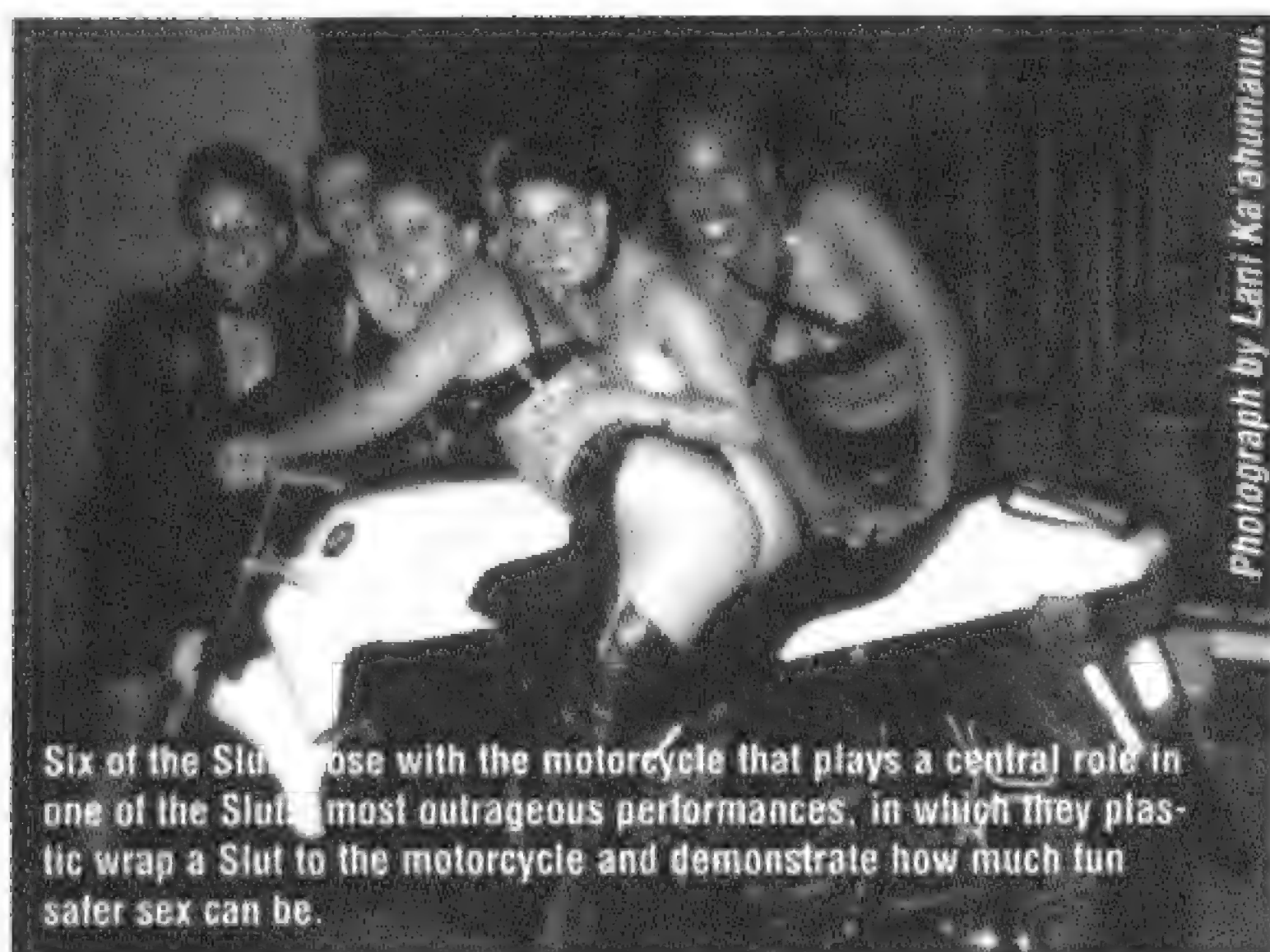
Now that I've seen what can be done with all these strange latex products that have popped up over the last decade, safer sex has far greater appeal. Slutdom has been good to me: it's increased my knowledge, altered my behavior, and has been most certainly the hottest AIDS activism I've ever done.

...before  
I knew it,  
I was on  
my knees,  
Saran Wrap  
in hand,

yanking  
Shadow's  
pants  
down  
around  
his ankles,

getting  
ready to  
show  
everyone a  
safe rim  
job.





Six of the Sluts pose with the motorcycle that plays a central role in one of the Sluts' most outrageous performances, in which they plastic wrap a Slut to the motorcycle and demonstrate how much fun safer sex can be.

*"A Slut is Born," continued from p.29*

respect their bodies. The Slut message was consistent and didn't add to the confusion. We brought our own inexperience, our own experience, and our own selves to the stage, learning many techniques as we went along. We took suggestions, enticed, and engaged people's minds and bodies. We showed how to integrate safer sex with sexual desire. They left hungry for more, and so did we.

**T**he grant money dried up after two years, but the Sluts decided to continue our work. What we created was not only successful beyond our wildest dreams, but also captured my imagination and spoke to my political passion for meaningful work.

I wanted to reach larger audiences, different audiences, so I invited gay and bi men on the team, transgendered folks, and heterosexuals, older and younger people so we could reflect and present to a variety of communities. For schools, people, and cultures for whom the word slut prevents any possibility of education, I came up with a new title and slogan — THE LATEX WARRIORS: Making the World Safe for Sex.

## COVER US...

We want you to design the next cover of Anything That Moves. We are looking for fabulous quality artwork, photographs, and concepts to help push the propaganda on the masses. Plus (at *no* additional cost to you), all submitted art, photos, etc. that we deem inappropriate for the cover will also be considered for use inside the magazine.

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The needs of every audience are considered, so the information we impart is appropriate for where we are and for whom we are trying to reach.

The Sluts celebrate the sacredness of sexuality. From raunchy to refined, from nude to fully clothed, we have gone forth and multiplied. More than 25 sex-positive divas of varying body types, ethnicities, proclivities and persuasions generously volunteer their time to titillate and educate the masses.

*Pssst* — isn't this public service at its best?

*Lani Ka'ahumanu is currently employed as the Community Education Coordinator for the Marin AIDS Project.*

*To contact the Sluts/Warriors, call KA'AHUMANU & COMPANY: Safer Sex Education for women and those who love us, at (415) 821-3534 or e-mail us at [aloha@slip.net](mailto:aloha@slip.net). Workshops, sketch comedy productions, consultations. We travel. A slut web page and videos will be forthcoming. Looking for investors to fund video production.*

- 1 Journal of the American Medical Women's Association, 1995;50:103-107
- 2 LESBIANS TALK (Safer) Sex, (Scarlet Press, 1992) O'Sullivan and Parmar

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# Sex Diva? Moi?

## Mais Oui! by Cianna P. Stewart

You call me a sex diva and you know I'll have to say yes. I still think that was Lani's most brilliant move, hiring a bunch of strippers and phone sex workers and lap dancers, with a construction worker and a theater director thrown in the mix.

The first day, when we assembled, I had no idea what kind of power we had, what kinds of things we would achieve. I simply felt a little nervous, but excited. None of us were conventionally trained HIV prevention educators. And few of us had ever seen anything targeting us as women who have sex with women. Aiming for honesty and realness, we began by asking questions of ourselves: "What are our own experiences with safer sex? What do we like? What don't we like? Are any of us practicing safer sex?"

We had all heard these lines before: "I hate dental dams." "I've never been taught how." "Lesbians don't get it." "I hate the taste." "All the information is conflicting." "It's too scary. So I don't do anything anymore." "I can't talk about sex." "It takes too long." *"It's not real sex."*

So we decided that the best way to counteract all of this was to actually demonstrate safer sex practices. We learned (mostly through trial and embarrassing error) what didn't work, and we developed whatever got the most response from the women in our audiences. The beginning might start like this: "Hello, we're the Safer Sex Sluts. We are funded by a grant from AMFAR. I'd like to take this opportunity to thank Elizabeth Taylor for helping to create this foundation, and for giving me the chance to dress like this. God, I love my job!"

A tip always accompanied a live demo: "If you miss that slick, wet feeling of putting your hand inside her (or his) pussy, put some lube on the inside of the glove before you put it on. Then put some more on the outside before you slide it in. The glove feels like it just disappears."

We held court on our personal slut favorite brands of condoms, lube, toys, plastic wrap. We all gave up on dental dams (none of us like them), and explored every alternative, like Saran Wrap. Here's one testimonial: "When did I start keeping plastic wrap all over my house? I think it was after the time I was lashed to a pole with the stuff, then one woman got down on her knees in front of me and demonstrated with her tongue just how thin that plastic is. All my struggling just showed me how strong and thin it was..."

We gave women reasons to lust after safer sex stuff, telling people about our discoveries on how to use something differently, how to make something sexier, how to more than make do with what you have. Here's another tip: Before you buy anything, take that tester bottle of lube and put a bit on your hand and rub it around so you can feel it. Then stick your fingers in your mouth and taste it.



From left to right, Stephanie Berger, William Bland, Marcella Buckman, Gerard Palmieri, Eddie Kaufman and Cianna Stewart, with Lani Ka'ahumanu at their feet.

We did silly, funny things. We did sexy, hot things, stripping for each other and the audience, covering each other in ice cream and chocolate syrup, then licking it off. We turned gloves into flat sheets of latex ready for sucking on. We put condoms on with our mouths while our hands were tied behind our backs. We showed the audience all the best places to spank.

We went down on latex dildos strapped onto willing volunteers, and lubed up the gloved hands of the

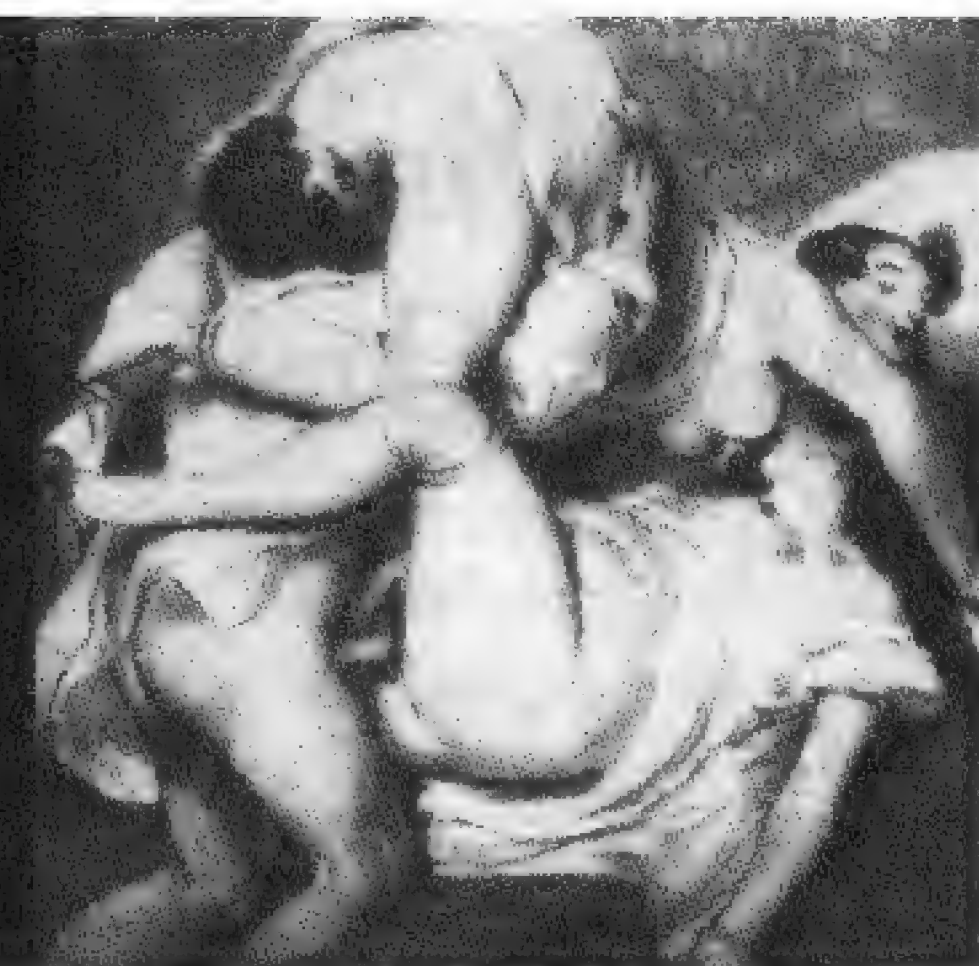
nervous and played with their fingers until they had no trouble imagining how they could use these tricks elsewhere.

And we answered the audience's questions. We admitted our own fears and anxieties. We spoke of our actual experiences and when it got difficult for us. We found ourselves challenged by the histories of the women we talked to and tried to guide them through their fears around testing, relationships, and safer sex. We found out what women knew and what they wanted to learn, and we wrote new scenes in response. And, lastly, no show, workshop, or demonstration was deemed successful if it didn't turn people on.

*Cianna Pamintuan Stewart is a Mestiza Filipina-British Islander/American mutt, 1.5 generation and D.A.R. who currently lives in San Francisco, but is prone to wandering. She works as an HIV prevention educator and freelance theatre director, is obsessed with the consumption and regurgitation of words and images and has been frequently performing her own work.*



# WHAT DO




I want the boy at the video store.  
The skinny punk boy  
With the pale skin  
And the dog collar  
And the tattoo of a spider on his chest.  
I want an older woman  
With short black hair,  
An ex-hooker with a bad attitude  
And a damaged, hopeful heart.  
I want handcuffs and riding crops  
And oral sex in semipublic places.  
I want a boyfriend with a girlfriend  
Who thinks it's cute  
And gets hot  
When I kiss him on the dance floor.  
I want to fall passionately in love  
With a woman  
Who's slept with more men than I have  
(For once), and doesn't care.  
I want that boy  
Who pretended he was drunk  
When I dared him to kiss me  
And he did,  
Tongues rolling together  
Like hot snakes,  
Grinding all  
Hard and sweet against me,

Right in the middle of the party.  
And I want his girlfriend,  
The tiny goth girl  
In the red velvet dress  
Who came up behind him, laughing,  
And grabbed his crotch,  
Saying, "I knew you wanted this."  
I want to hang out in gay bars  
And not have to play Fudge-The-Pronoun  
All night if I want to get laid.  
I want to kiss you.  
Right now. In public.  
Even if we're in the wrong neighborhood.  
Even if "guys never kiss."  
Even if you never date bisexuals.  
Even if you  
Don't even believe bisexuals exist,  
I still want to kiss you.  
I want to kiss you  
And stroke your hair  
And go down on you  
Because this lesbian I once knew  
Showed me just how to do it  
And how to rim a straight guy  
So he'll want to get fucked,  
So he'll start dreaming,  
Maybe for the first time








# BiSEXUALS

Jack Random lives in San Francisco, writes, works 60 hours a week, maintains primary and secondary relationships, plays in the leather community, and does not ever sleep.

About taking that hardness into himself.  
I want to fuck you.  
I want to fuck you and I'm not sorry about it.  
I want to handcuff  
The boy from the video store  
And push him down on my bed  
And work him up  
'Till he's so hot and hard and  
Spit slick  
That he's begging me to get him off  
And he doesn't care  
If we are two guys,  
He just knows that he needs to come.  
Until he can't talk or beg,  
Or even think anymore.  
Until neither one of us  
Even exists beyond the need  
To fall,  
Flaming  
Into the incandescent skin of the other.  
Then I want to do it all over again,  
With a woman,  
While he watches.  
Bringing her,  
With fingers, tongue and cock  
To climax after climax,  
The walls ringing with her screams,

Over and over  
In that place  
Beyond identity,  
Beyond need,  
Beyond gender and explanation,  
Beyond even beyond,  
And crashing  
Back into our bodies again.  
And afterwards,  
I want to curl them up,  
Boy and girl,  
One under each arm  
With their heads on my chest,  
Breathing, and peaceful, and wordless.  
I want to fall in love with you,  
No matter who we are,  
Or what we think is possible,  
Because I believe  
In everything honest, sweet and hot.  
Because I want the love  
That cracks walls  
And transcends the tribe.  
That,  
And I want the boy at the video store,  
Because he looks  
Like a really good place to start.



# Want?

Photos by Cover Artist Tim Coleman.  
Models and Henna Tattoos courtesy of Allah's Sacred Earth, Berkeley, CA.





## Hot Bi Fiction by Wayne Bryant

# Eva was young, boyish, slim with narrow hips.

Not at all like the soft, supple women I usually found myself attracted to. She had short, dark hair and the kind of piercing blue eyes usually associated with the men of Georgia by the Black Sea. We had been out a few times to see obscure films by directors like Warhol, Waters, and Fassbinder. Coffee and dessert afterward and a quick hug goodnight was the extent of our physical contact.

Our conversations over coffee were broad-ranging and frank, but never flirtatious. We discussed Colette and Simone, compared notes on men and women we found attractive, and argued over favorite blues singers. We had talked about childhood experiences and coming out, but discussions of sex were pretty theoretical and non-personal. Over time, though, we became increasingly comfortable talking about almost anything.

That's why I didn't think much about it when she said that a favorite fantasy was to watch two men having sex. Nothing more was mentioned for several weeks until one night after we had seen Pasolini's *Arabian Nights*. She started asking questions about how men cruise each other. What are the signals? How do you know you both want the same thing?

What's it like having sex with a total stranger? How do you make sure it is safe? After a while it became apparent that she was working up to something. Questions were becoming more hesitant, silences longer.

Finally, she took a deep breath and came out with it: "Would you be willing and can you think of a way that you could have sex with a total stranger... a man... and I could watch?"

Now it was my turn to pause.

Picking up strangers on the street was never my forté. Bars were easier, but I'm not exactly master of the smooth pick-up line. And who goes to a gay bar to have sex with a woman watching? What a challenge! It had to be a stranger, she insisted. She didn't ever want to meet him again and besides, being a stranger was part of the fantasy. I promised to work on the idea and just as we parted, she gave me a hug and a little kiss on the back of the neck.

The following week, she insisted on seeing *Doña Herlinda and Her Son*, which was playing at the local art museum. I had told her about the hot scene with the two young men in the sauna. Her lips parted and she squirmed a little as



I described the action. I have to admit, I was getting pretty horny myself, remembering it and watching her reaction.

After the film, we went to a small Cuban café for espresso and gingerbread and caught each other up on the latest dish. A long pause was broken by, "Well... did you... have you come up with a way to fulfill my fantasy?" I took a deep breath and looked up into those incredible eyes. She was staring right at me and I was starting to lose my nerve. Finally I screwed up my courage and blurted out my plan.

We could go to a straight porn theater that I know of, where 90 percent of the patrons are men looking to have sex with other men. It is wilder than any gay movie house I've ever been to. Sex in the corners, the seats, the aisles, the balcony....

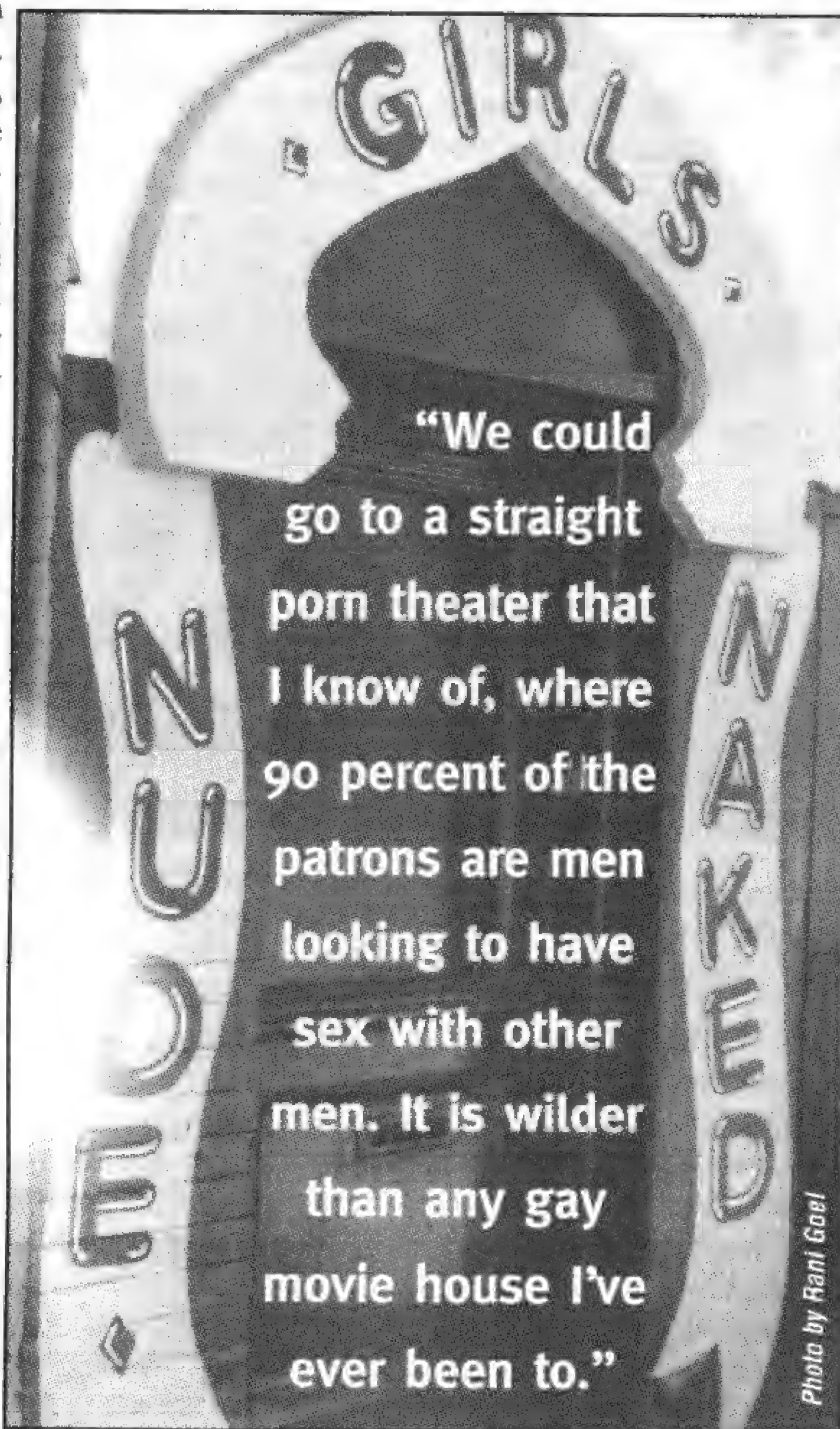
"Great plan," she said. "If we're lucky, maybe we can share a jail cell with Pee Wee Herman. The guard and I can watch his ruby red lips nibbling at your cheeks and swallowing your cock. Not quite what I had in mind!" I reminded her that he wasn't exactly my fantasy fuck, either, and asked if she had a better idea.

She ignored my question and asked, "What about me? Women don't go to those places, or hadn't you noticed?" I had noticed and assured her that if she wanted to hear the rest of the plan, I had that problem covered.

A faint smile was beginning to curl the corners of her mouth and she said in a soft voice, "I'm all ears."

**W**e made a date for the following Friday night, when things were usually pretty active at the theater. I followed the directions to her place after work and brought along some Chinese takeout and a bag of my old clothes. She was fresh out of the shower and looked fantastic in her blue silk robe. She gave me a big hug and my breath came a little shallower as I felt her erect nipples on my chest through the silk. And the faint but unmistakable odor of a woman with lust on her mind transformed my recently flaccid cock into a raging erection.

**I** must have let out a small whimper just before she said, "Easy now, I don't want to ruin your appetite... Besides, we're just friends. Remember?" We sat down to eat.



When the last of the General Gau's Chicken was history, she retired to her room for the makeover. After a few moments, she invited me in to help. She explained that since she was going to see me in all my glory in a few hours, it was only fair that I get to see her naked as well. By that time, I was convinced that she just enjoyed watching me struggle in vain to hide my erection without the aid of underwear, which I had removed to facilitate the evening's activities.

Eva invited me to remove her robe, which I did slowly and carefully, putting my hands on her shoulders and returning the tiny kiss she had given me ten days earlier on the back of my neck. Her smallish breasts were every bit as beautiful as I had imagined and the hair everywhere was as black and thick as on her head.

My mind was racing as I fantasized on what I would like to do with those beautiful erect nipples and the matching clit below. I have a

definite fondness for things erect, but I knew that now was not the right time.

Her one concession to femininity would be silk panties. Following that, she put on men's socks and began binding her breasts. This was one place where an extra pair of hands definitely helped. Then we picked out a shirt and a pair of pants. The pants were a little baggy for her, but that helped to maintain the illusion. Luckily, she had a good pair of dyke boots and a Giants hat to top off the costume.

She was only borderline convincing in the light, but the dark of the theater would be our ally in this charade. Eva wasn't finished, though. She sat down at the mirror and began applying makeup, something I had never known her to do. I interrupted her to ask exactly what the hell she was doing.



She told me to just relax and be patient. Sure enough, the change, though subtle, made a remarkable difference. "I didn't hang around with all those theater people just for the sex, you know."

**C**etting into the porn palace wasn't as touchy as we had worried it might be. You just proffer your money. No words required. I was a little worried that, since Eva looked so young they might ask her for an ID.

But this place was pretty lax on age and just about everything else, except smoking. That cylindrical object in your mouth had better not have tobacco in it. The guy in the ticket booth gave Eva a long (or

was it longing?) look and we hurried inside, hoping no one else would check her too closely in the light.

Inside, we quickly took a pair of seats near the back and waited for our eyes to adjust to the dark. Gradually I could begin to make out shapes of men engaged in various activities. I pointed out a couple diagonally in front of us who were masturbating each other. A little further down, an older man was having his nipples sucked, while jerking off himself and his partner. When Eva was ready, I took her for a little tour around the theater. In the corner a businessman in a jacket and tie was getting fucked by a young, athletic man with a beautiful cock. They had attracted quite a crowd of onlookers, many of whom were busy entertaining themselves and each other as they watched the show. Eva was riveted, totally ignoring the action on the screen.

As we walked toward the back again on the other side, we passed by a man standing very close to one who was seated. Looking closer, the seated man was giving a blow job to the standing one. We had to keep moving, though. Eva was attracting too many admirers. The disguise was working, but now she looked like "chicken," and that was just as interesting to this crowd. The fact that the "chicken" was obviously with me did not deter guys from trying to make "his" acquaintance. This was beginning to annoy Eva, who was otherwise getting pretty excited. I began to wish that we had put a little gray in her hair, or perhaps added a mustache. We decided to go out into the foyer as if we were leaving and make a discreet re-entry a few minutes later.

This seemed to work. We headed for a dark corner along the back rail, and put Eva next to the wall, so no one could stand close to her. Then I moved over half a step and waited. Soon enough, a man came over near me. Eva and I had compared notes on lust objects enough times to know where our tastes overlap in men. This one was not her type at all, so I stepped closer to her and signalled him that I was busy and he left. This happened a couple more times before a striking young man with dark skin and long, black, curly hair stepped up to the rail about three feet away.

He glanced over, checking me out and moved a little closer. When I didn't move away, he moved closer still. Then right up next to me, so that the back of his hand was touching my

leg. I looked over into his beautiful black eyes and smiled as my dick began to swell. I took half a step back to give him room and to give Eva an opportunity to watch. Slowly, he moved his hand up toward my crotch. When his hand finally rested on my cock I let out a little moan. He smiled and began massaging it. Eva moved a little closer and discreetly placed her hand against my thigh. Meanwhile, the man was expertly unzipping me. He reached inside with a touch like silk and began to stroke me. I thought of Eva's silk, which was undoubtedly getting damp by now, if her breathing was any indication.

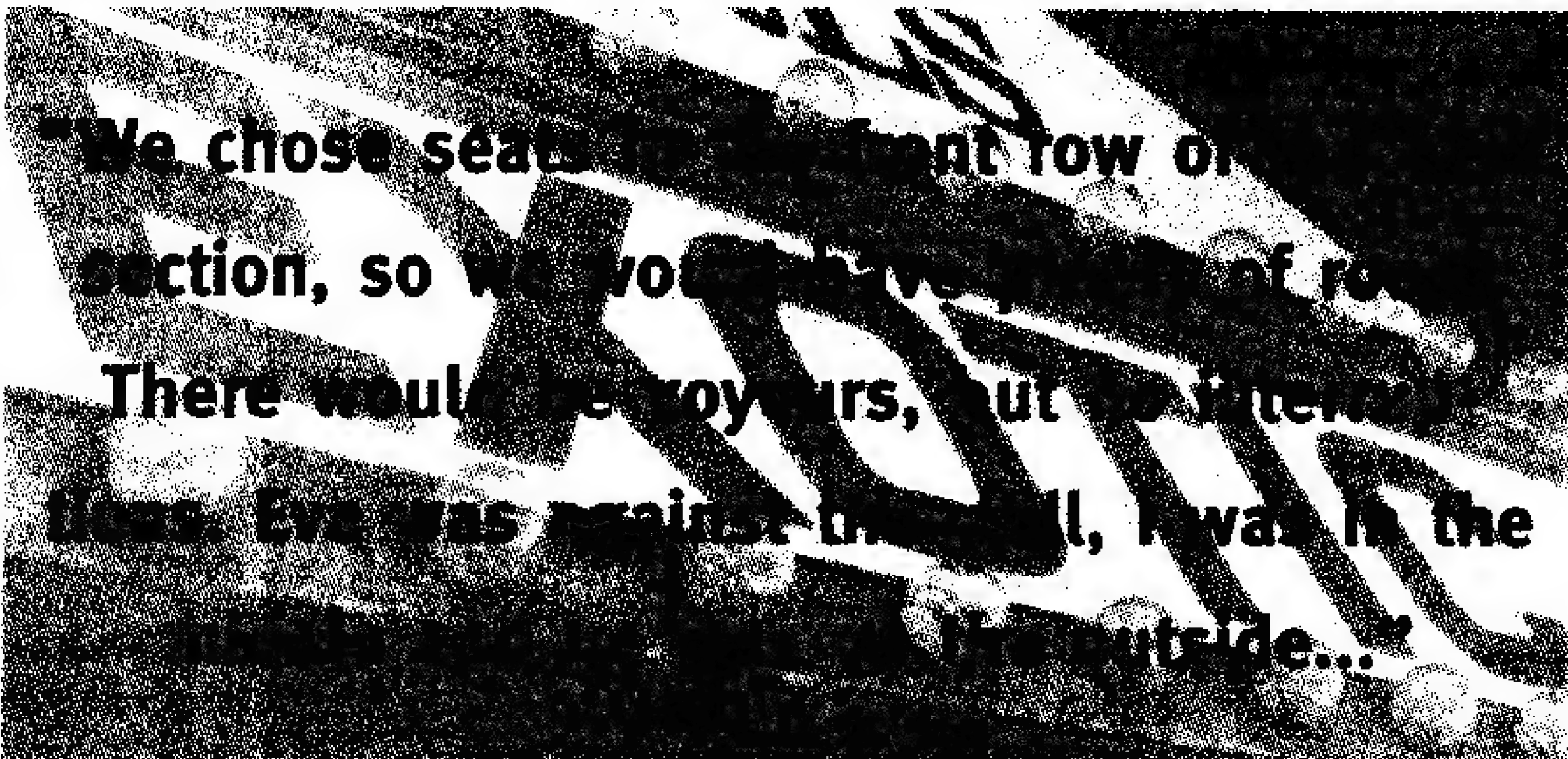
The man pulled my dick out and was gently stroking it. I could sense Eva crouching down a little to get a better view. Slowly he leaned over and asked, "Do you want to sit down?"

This was the big moment. I looked back and answered, "If my friend can watch," gesturing behind me.

He looked over, smiled, and said, "Whatever gets you off."

**W**e chose seats in the front row of the back section, so we would have plenty of room. There would be voyeurs, but no interruptions. Eva was against the wall, I was in the middle and he was on the outside. He took out his beautiful, thick, uncircumcised cock, which I gladly accepted and began to stroke, but that wasn't what he was there for.

He got up, knelt in front of me and pulled my pants down to my ankles. He began stroking my cock again with that soft touch of his, while his other hand unbuttoned his shirt. Then he fished a Gold Circle out of his bag, opened it, and popped



**"We chose seats in the front row of the back section, so we would have plenty of room. There would be voyeurs, but no interruptions. Eva was against the wall, I was in the middle and he was on the outside..."**



it into his mouth. As he lowered his head onto my cock, he placed my right hand on his nipple. He took my entire dick in on the first slow stroke and now the condom was safely in place. I let out a low moan and Eva took my left hand in hers. I began stroking his erect nipple and found from his muffled moans that he loved having it pinched. And the harder the better. He was expert at bringing me close to the edge, then knowing when to back off, all the while doing the same for himself with his hand. This went on for at least half an hour, as he was obviously enjoying himself, and I certainly had no complaints.

Feeling more movement to my left, I looked over and saw Eva with her other hand in her loose-fitting pants, on her way to a major orgasm. She gave me a little grin, closed her eyes and let it come, as quietly as she could, but leaving some lasting marks on my left hand. From then on, it was one orgasm after another for her as he continued to bring me close and back down again.

After a while, Eva pulled her sopping wet hand out of her pants and grabbed a handful of his hair. Then she took her other hand out of mine and laid it against his cheek, so she could feel my cock going in and out of his mouth. That was more than I could take and my orgasm was shattering... screaming... the kind that makes your whole face go numb because the brain can't handle any other sensations. He finally allowed himself to come, too, with a grunt and an intense stream of hot, white fluid.

We were both exhausted and soaked with sweat as we left the theater. I drove Eva home for the first time, and we kissed. Not passionate... we were beyond passion... but long and satisfying. And as she got ready to go inside, she leaned over and whispered, "Next week we start work on your fantasy."

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*Wayne Bryant is the author of the new book Bisexual Characters in Film (reviewed in this issue, p.57). He is also co-founder of Biversity Boston and serves on the board of the Bisexual Resource Center.*

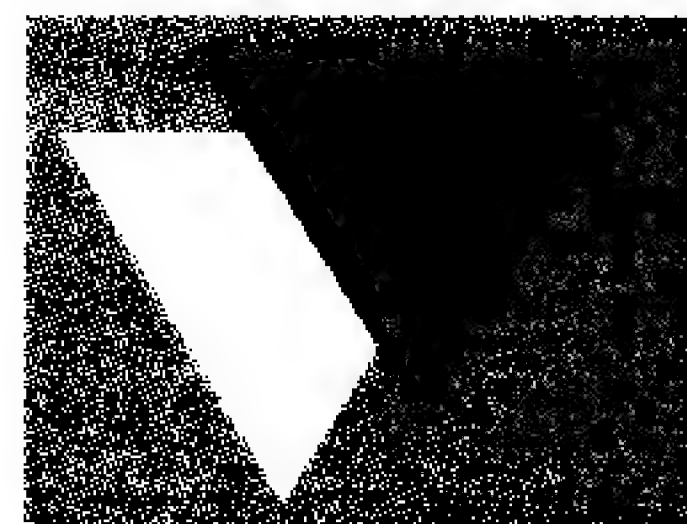
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## BiNet USA

**PO Box 7327**

**Langley Park, MD 20787**

**E-mail: BiNetUSA@aol.com**



### What is BiNet USA?

BiNet USA is the oldest and largest national Bisexual organization in the USA. Our mission is to collect and distribute information regarding Bisexuality; to facilitate the development of Bisexual community and visibility; to work for the equal rights of Bisexuals and all oppressed peoples; and to eradicate all forms of oppression inside and outside the Bisexual community. We are committed to being affirmatively inclusive of a multicultural constituency and political agenda.

Becoming a member of BiNet USA is an opportunity to join with others who share your vision of a Bi-friendly world, and who recognize the value and power of a vibrant national political action organization of Bisexuals and Bi-friendly supporters. We have accomplished a great deal since BiNet USA was first conceived of at the 1987 march on Washington, DC. We have a great future ahead of us, and we look forward to welcoming you to our ranks.

### Yes, I want to join BiNet USA!

Name: \_\_\_\_\_

Postal Address: \_\_\_\_\_

Email Address: \_\_\_\_\_

Phone: \_\_\_\_\_ Is discretion necessary? Yes \_\_\_ No \_\_\_

BiNet USA asks that each member donate \$1 per \$1,000 of annual income. For those who are able, we ask that you consider donating between \$1 and \$10 per \$1,000 income (between 0.1% and 1%). No one is denied membership due to lack of funds. Dues can be waived for those unable to pay.

**Mail to: BiNet USA, P.O. Box 7327, Langley Park, MD 20787**



# The Other Half

## Part II with NGLTF's Exec Director by Loraine Hutchins

Photographs by Laura Sachs



**Loraine Hutchins:** *How long did it take you to realize that bisexuals won't fuck anything that moves, or what was your turning point around understanding bi issues?*

**Kerry Lobel:** (laughter) I don't think I ever went through a bisexuals-would-fuck-anything-that-moves stage. For me it was much more moving through the "bisexuality-as-fence-sitting" stage. I never thought bisexuality was a code word for over-sexualized people. This wasn't part of my experience.

Most of the bisexual women I knew were in a situation where women wouldn't have sex with them because they weren't willing to say they were lesbians. So because of this they had sex solely with men. Bisexual women didn't have the option of having sex with women because feminists were like, "Look, when you're ready to make up your mind about being with women you can talk to me, otherwise, forget it." I knew many lesbians who would never admit they had sex with a bisexual woman.

I didn't realize until the last few years that people had these stereotypes about bisexuals having sex with anything that moves. At Creating Change (the annual conference convened by NGLTF) this year, I was surprised when I came across a group of people who said, "Those bisexuals, all they ever think about is sex. They're doing all these sex workshops." And I said, "This is because they have to. Sex is an important piece of educating our communities. Bisexuals have been brave to do that work."

The bisexual activists I know are insistent about moving beyond stereotypes and really kicking people's butts in very clear ways. I've very much appreciated that, especially here at this job.

**LH:** *In the bi movement, people often say to me, "Why don't you ask NGLTF when they're going to change their name. Let me know when they do, I'll give money to them then." I always explain they need to support the rights of lesbian/gay people regardless and come off their own internalized homophobia, while working for change. But I'm aware there's some kind of committee process going on here at NGLTF about considering a name change. Will you seek input from BiNet USA or other groups on this?*

**KL:** The Task Force has been through a long process of coming to terms with a changing world. The National Gay Task Force was founded in 1973. Twelve years later, in 1985, "lesbian" was added. The original mission of the organization didn't include bisexual or transgender groups. But what we've tried to do, especially during the last two years, is to be more programmatically inclusive. The board and staff are doing strategic planning now. Originally we were going to have a committee that just looked at the bisexual and transgender inclusivity issues. But then we decided to do a strategic plan. Let's not have this just be about our "name," but about, "what are the core values that affect our work?" Let's talk about what we're doing. I've seen great strides on the part of both our board and staff over the last two years in just paying attention to language.

**LH:** *A bi activist mentioned they'd been talking to somebody on your staff about changing the name to include bi/trans and the person said, "Well, we couldn't, because we'd lose \$150,000 a year." I think their thought was, how many funders wouldn't fund. If I had been talking with them my response would have been, "Give me their names, I'm sure we can turn them around," but I know it's not quite that simple.*

**KL:** There has been a fundamental shift on our board and staff. We do get criticism from people who feel like we're losing our original mission. And every time we say, "This is how this fits and we hope you can join us in our mission." We have never yet had a major donor of size (\$5,000 or more) say, "What are you doing about this bi and trans thing? Where are you going? Have you lost your mind?"



We've had smaller donors who've said, "You're crazy, why are you doing this?" But financially it hasn't hurt us, and I think in the long term inclusion will benefit us. Our community is enormous. We are the only national organization now which is willing to explicitly argue, as we do over and over again, for bi and trans inclusion. Whether we'll change our name or not, I don't really know. And frankly, if we had a name that was different and we still weren't doing the programmatic work, I'd be unhappy. I understand and I think our staff understands that our challenge is to educate our members, and our donors, and our community about why bisexual and transgender issues are part of a freedom agenda. If we can do this, then we will have succeeded in moving that agenda forward. If we haven't, we don't have any reason to exist.

**LH:** *I'm sure you know that if somebody's a closet bisexual on your staff, they're going to come tell me, or somebody else bisexual, before they'll tell you. That's happened to me repeatedly, way before you came to NGLTF. And I'm still aware of it today. I don't know of any out bisexual(s) on your staff right now, nor transgendered folk. I don't need to "out" them, you get my point. So, the question is, how are you dealing with bi and transgender inclusion issues on the staff, and on the board?*

**KL:** In terms of recruiting board members, we'll be much more intentional about trying to bring people on who have visibility as bi or trans people. The board has had discussion about recruiting board members, and is trying to be intentional about representing the diversity of our communities.

In terms of staffing, I know there are bisexuals on our staff, and I know they're not out to the staff. It's frustrating to me to try to figure out how to build safety organizationally for people to feel that they can bring their full self to the table. We have people on our staff who are out at work as gay or lesbian people but who are not out to their family.

I'm hoping that we can create an environment where people will feel safe to come out both in terms of our staff as bisexual and transgendered people, and to come out publicly, if that's what they want to do. I want people who have experience organizing in different areas. For me, as we look at new staff positions, it is a strength that someone's done bi organizing and/or trans organizing — not necessarily that they are a bisexual or a transgendered person, but they have that experience to bring. I'll be interested to have us all look back two years from now and say, "How has the staff fundamentally changed?" because I believe it will.

**LH:** *And I know it is also a critical-mass thing. For somebody who's on your board now and closeted about being bi, they would have to*

*feel there is a reason, politically, in their work with this organization to come out. And until or unless they feel that, they won't.*

**KL:** Yes. When I first came to the Task Force two years ago, there was more discussion about whether we should be bi or trans inclusive. One of my colleagues here said, "I'm a bisexual, and this discussion is both hurting me and pissing me off." The discussion about bi and trans issues didn't respect that there might be bisexual and transgendered people in the room. You know it wasn't like the "other." It was like, "Hello!"

I thought the demonstration at Creating Change last November was a phenomenal example (see *ATM*, Issue #13). Many people were surprised, "That's a person who identifies as bi?!" "That's a person who identifies as trans?!" (This certainly happened to me.) I was like, okay, this is good. Any questions about donors were gone for me. This will be interesting for both staff and board, as we make a commitment to be more inclusive. And I think people will feel the necessity to be more visible as we take more hell for our commitment. The visibility will create an organizational necessity to provide support. If we are going to be effective, we're going to have to have those perspectives on our staff, and our board, in a way that we don't now. It's exciting, and a great opportunity.

**LH:** *How is your Policy Institute going to reflect these inclusion issues?*

**KL:** This is where building linkages with bi and trans activists is really important. Trans people in particular have been very active in trying to educate us around the marriage issue. I don't believe we're going to be able to move forward on marriage and family issues without being bi and trans inclusive. So part of what Policy Institute Director Urvashi Vaid is up to is bringing people in. It can't be just the people at the Task Force. This is not where the best thinking is.

We really have to educate ourselves and bring people to help us review materials, and say, "What do you think? Does it do the trick?" That's not a very difficult step and one we have only recently started to do. I think we'll see a difference.

**LH:** *How do you see the Task Force's work in the coming years, and how is it different than that of the Human Rights Campaign?*

**KL:** Much of our role is to work at the state and local level, not at the federal level. We try to respect what we do versus what other people do. There's no question that the dialogue is changing because of the role we've played. It's more because other activists have been much more verbal. The trans activists have really held the Human Rights Campaign's feet to the fire in a major, major way.

One of my colleagues here said, "I'm bisexual, and this discussion is both hurting me and pissing me off."



**LH:** I know, and I'm like, "Why were we so sweet and gentle?"

**KL:** (laughter) It was a different time. You weren't that sweet and gentle either.

**LH:** Compared to what we wanted to be, we were. (laughter)

**KL:** It's all relative.

**LH:** I have a story to tell you. My mother recently preached a sermon at her church here, which also happens to be the Clintons' church now. She talked about overcoming her own homophobia and helping the congregation become friendly to lesbian, gay and bisexual people. It was the first time I felt accepted at church in over 30 years. I know you've talked about us connecting with faith-based communities more.

**KL:** It is important and yet is so hard for so many of us. There's just such a mess about our spirituality.

**LH:** Why do you think spirituality is so hard for us?

**KL:** Because for many people who grew up going to church or to synagogue and who then came out in whatever way, there was the feeling that they couldn't go to the church or synagogue anymore, because of the homophobic, biphobic or transphobic nature of the church or synagogue. So in order to be "happy" they had to disconnect from that organized aspect of spirituality. Or there are those people I know who chose the Wiccan way who got tremendous criticism for being involved in a "phony" religion or one "undermining" traditional religion. And then the people who stayed in traditional religion were criticized for being "self-hating," or "buying into the patriarchy!"

I don't know anyone who has a belief in something other than themselves who doesn't have a struggle around their spirituality or faith that came to them as a child or as an adult. We have to reconcile this in some way, and to understand there is a tradition of people around the world who believe in something beyond themselves, and who are also fighting for social justice. We have to bring those people of faith together with us in the social justice fight. I think we've been very anti-religious. Religion has not been very accepting of us either, and not accepting of people who are into different kinds and forms of spirituality. This is a barrier that keeps us from moving forward.

I want to be able to talk with people about my spiritual self. I don't want people to say that's weird. I don't want people to say I'm misguided. And I don't want people

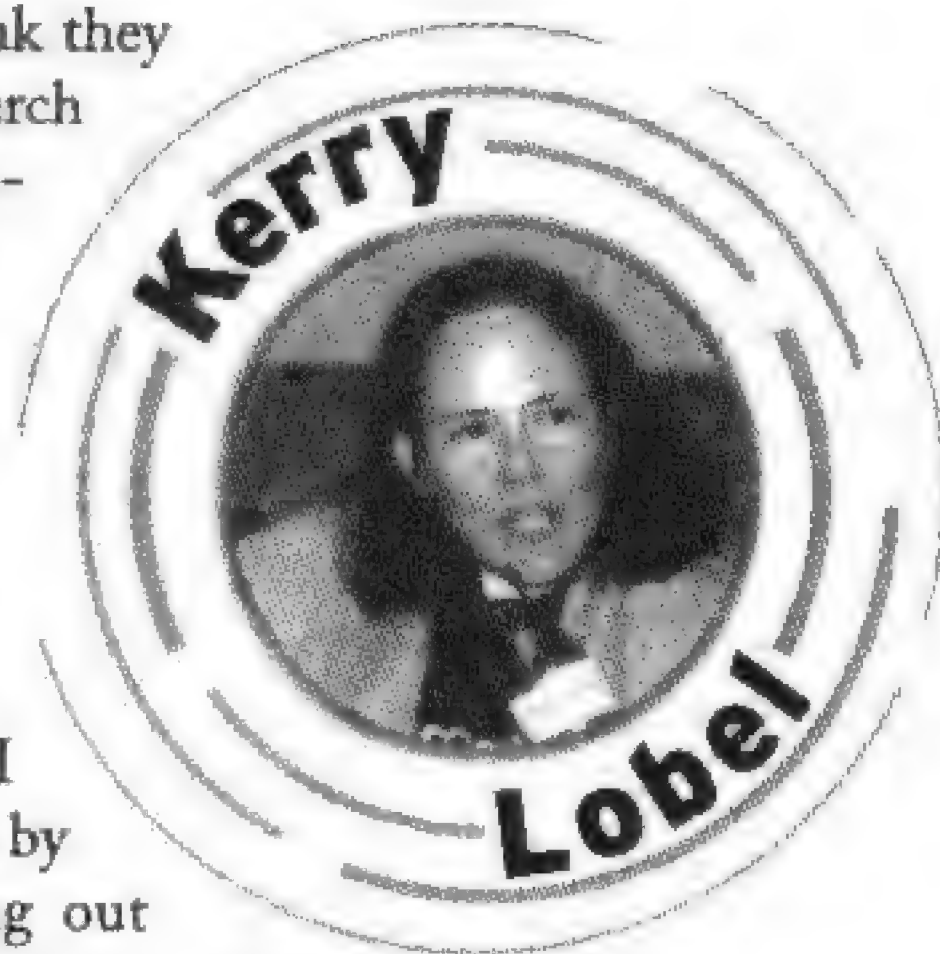
to convert me, or to think they have to bring me to church or synagogue. But spirituality is essentially the core of who I am.

I can't just leave my spirituality behind, nor do I want to shove it down anyone's throat. But I would not be who I am if I wasn't influenced by being a Jew, by hanging out with women who are Wiccans, by working with women in the Methodist church (as I did in Arkansas) whose mission was social justice. There is an incredible tradition of spiritually based activism many of us have learned from, that is the core of who we are. By discouraging people from knowing about those traditions, we deprive them of the same opportunities to learn, to throw out the bad and keep the good. I want us to be sure we are bringing our full selves to the table and we don't say, "No, you have to leave that part out." As I've talked with people there's been this tremendous hurt they feel inflicted on them because of their spirituality or their spiritual choices. There's been a disconnection from their family or their communities of origin. This keeps us from being able to be whole, from being authentic.

We have ceded religious institutions to the Right. This is hurting us. If I hear one more time, "The Right can raise all the money they want because they can go to church on Wednesday and Sunday and pass a plate and we don't have that," I'm going to scream. We have that now. However, those places we have sometimes do not have a progressive social justice tradition, but the people within those traditions can help shift that if they want to. There are many people who are in congregations where the plate is collected, who take part of that plate and apply it to good work in their communities that move forward our agenda. We disrespect that every single day.

People have to be visible about their connections to those communities and to the work that we're doing. People like your mom, and my friend Freddie Nixon who is a United Methodist death penalty activist, they are the strongest allies we have. They are the people who are going to say, "My best friend, my daughter, or niece, is an important person to me and her civil rights are important to our society."

That moves people along in a way that I can never move them.



...I would not be  
who I am if I wasn't  
influenced by being a Jew,  
by hanging out with women  
who are Wiccans, by working  
with women in the  
Methodist church...



**LH:** *We have to be more honest about who our families really are, too. I know people who are bisexual, and lesbian and gay, and transgendered, and heterosexual... who are polyamorous, or who love more than one person, or are in more than one committed relationship, large extended families, different kinds of great families. This overlaps with the same-sex marriage issue but it's not often explained well. I think of my friends Billy and Chris, who fathered kids with two lesbians. They're a blended, multi-adult family. Billy also has grown kids and an ex-wife he's friends with. Chris has other family. They have other family together. To oversimplify that as a "gay family," as it was in a recent book, doesn't tell the whole truth of that family's story. There are heterosexual role models in that extended family and there are parents in that family who are bi, as well as lesbian, gay and trans. There are many ways those children are learning about what family is and what sex roles are. I also know that this is one of the hardest things to explain on Capitol Hill, to try talking about at a community center or church or synagogue.*

**KL:** I'm happy the Task Force has tried to bring a different perspective on families to the table. We're not looking for the mom and dad replication of the family. We have blended families, families with different relationships. I like what we're doing. What I think is getting hard now is that as we're dealing with the same-sex marriage fight we're also re-defining and expanding our definition of families.

A few months ago I was on CNBC's *Equal Time* with Dede Myers and Bay Buchanan, and this very issue was raised. "So, let's understand this. You're saying that people who love each other should be able to be married regardless of their sexual orientation and it's not up to the state, or me, to decide who can or can't. It is about two people who love each other." They want to understand what we're saying when we want same-sex marriage. So they asked, "What's there to say that next year you won't be back and saying that Susan wants to marry John and Jill?" My response is, "We are talking about people who love each other having the freedom to marry," which I think is an appropriate answer.

**LH:** *BiNet USA and NGLTF need to think about this together and support each other so we aren't divided as the opposition builds.*

**KL:** We do, because the people who are getting scapegoated in the marriage debate are bisexual and transgendered people.

**LH:** *You noticed that?*

**KL:** Absolutely, and if you watch the *Equal Time* tape, they are willing to concede that same-sex couples who are in loving relationships should be able to have legal agreements. They can go visit each other in the hospital, or prison, or deal with — if we have a child together, being able to put in my will, "If I die, you get custody." This is ceding that they are willing to do. But their whole criticism was, "Kerry Lobel, in her statement on marriage, said this is a victory for gay, lesbian and bisexual and transgendered people."

So it went right to the fear of bi and trans. The homophobic stuff...

**LH:** *They skipped right over that?*

**KL:** Well, homosexuality is the downfall of Western civilization and is taken for granted. People are there on that, but to make it even scarier, Kerry Lobel said in a press release that this is a victory for bisexual and transgender people. So if Steve marries Joan and then he decides to be Susan, what is the world coming to?

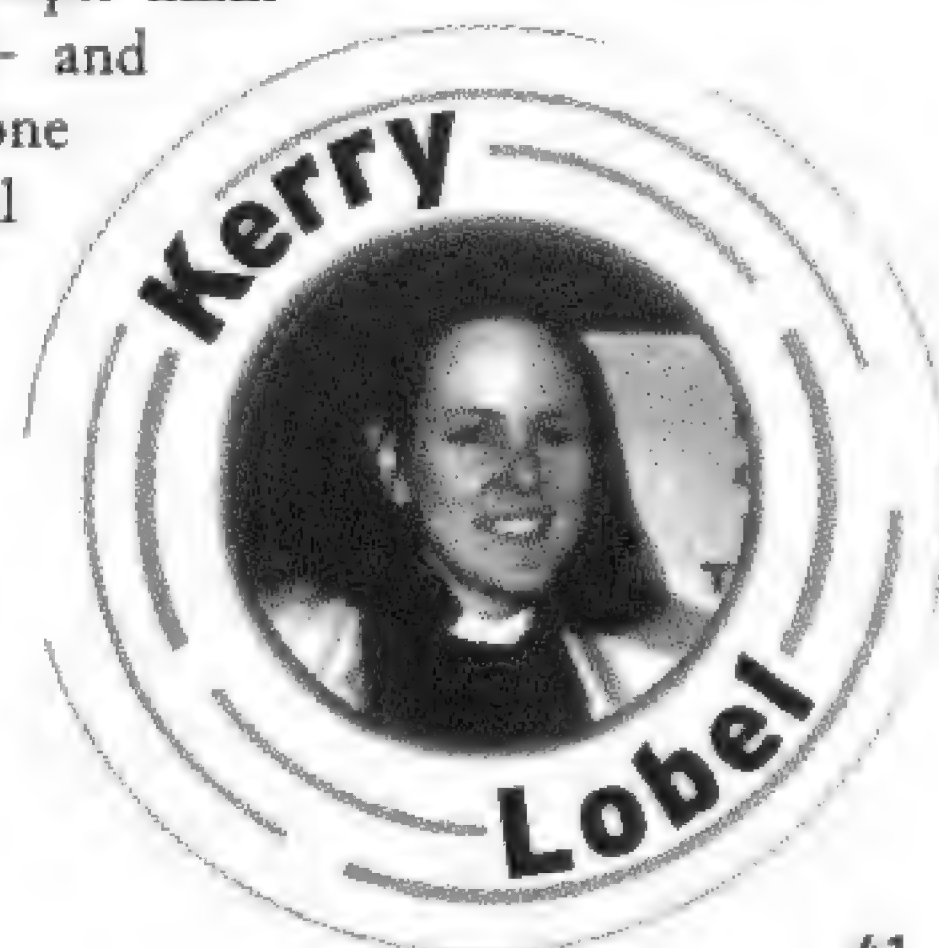
This is where the discussion of same-sex marriage is heading, and if any of the organizations working on this issue think we can do it without the collegial relationship with the bisexual and transgender communities, they're deluded, because that is where the scapegoating is happening.

**LH:** *I hope NGLTF and the polyamory movement will work together more in the coming year. The polyamory movement is loosely organized around Loving More magazine out in Colorado and the various Internet web sites and listservers. They are aware of the legal links between queer and polyamory, but a lot of poly folks are closeted in their polyness, and are able to hide with their middle-class or heterosexual privilege, yet still can have their kids taken away from them too and know it. Of course, there are questions about how much we can win at what point, and how much change the public can handle before overload.*

**KL:** This isn't about winning. This is about fundamentally changing the culture in which we live. And it's a long process, and it's a continuum. Yes there are legal or legislative battles that are win or lose. But as long as any one group can be used as a wedge to splinter us, we have to address that. Bisexual and transgender issues are going to be used more and more by gay people who want to assimilate into existing society and by others who want to create a schism in our society. It's just going to get harder and harder for bi and trans people.

**LH:** *Because we're being more out?*

**KL:** Because you're being more out. But also because people now understand that gay and lesbian people vote and give big money to presidential campaigns. There's a certain political power the gay and lesbian community is perceived to have, that the bisexual and transgender communities are not perceived to have. People are in for a big shock. Because many of these folks who people think are gay or lesbian are bi- and trans- identified people, one day will be out as bisexual and transgendered, and people's worlds will be turned upside down. And I welcome that day, because it will happen. And it will happen soon.





(Not)

Another  
clit  
story

Karen sat on the edge of Zara's bed and her body began to shake. It was late, and the two women were tired. Karen had flown into town to speak on a panel organized by Zara. In the course of the evening, Zara's film had been screened several times, perhaps one time too many for Karen.

The images came back to her now. Zara was speaking, recalling her own initiation ceremony in Mogadishu: "The worst was the sound of the scissors, cutting, snipping, taking away part of my body." There was fire, but no tears in her eyes. She had the dark olive skin, beautiful features, and thick black hair of a Somali. Karen was strongly attracted to her. With each screening of the video Zara recounted the story, and Karen's imagination filled in the image of 13-year-old Zara struggling, struggling and losing.

The images came back and she was overwhelmed with grief. So much destruction, so much unnecessary pain. She wept for Zara and for herself, for African girls and for American infants. "Why are you crying now? Was someone cruel to you there today?" Karen recalled the reactions as she spoke about how surgeons had removed parts of her genitals while still an infant, how it had been kept secret from her. A strange resistance seemed to come over her listeners. Some of them physically drew back from her. They had come to learn about African clitorrectomy. But cruelty? No, no one had been cruel to her.

Zara put her arms around Karen and looked close into her face. Karen shook her head, tried to speak, but her voice failed her. She couldn't understand how Zara could remain so calm, controlled. "It's okay, baby. Go ahead, cry all you want to. I still cry, God knows I do."

"I've never seen you cry."

"I cry, but I can't cry in front of anyone. Maybe I'm gonna be able to do it with you sometime."

They wrapped their arms around each other and rocked, Zara speaking, stroking her friend's hair. Gradually Karen's tears subsided. She pushed her grief back down to its usual hiding place, and another feeling rose up in its place. She rubbed her cheek against Zara's, pressed her lips, moist and swollen from crying, against Zara's. She drew her head back slightly, searched delicately with her tongue in the corner of Zara's lips. She opened her eyes briefly, the better to appreciate the effect of this delicate touch on Zara's countenance.

Zara let her head roll backward, moved her hands up into Karen's hair and gripped. She released the two fistfuls of hair and slid the fingertips of one hand down Karen's neck and across her shoulder, producing a shudder. Karen cupped one of Zara's breasts in her hand, feeling the soft flesh through the thin silk. Zara's pelvis began to roll, just perceptibly. Karen wrapped both arms about her, enjoyed the feeling of breast against breast, and of both their breasts against the inside of her own arms. She drew breath, slid her right arm up Zara's back, tunneled the fingers into the mass of black hair. A little purr of pleasure escaped the Somali woman's lips. Karen's hands moved down now, and Zara put her arms up as her blouse was slipped off over her head.



Karen looked, appreciated the full round feminine figure, laid Zara back across the bed, and slipped out of her own dress. She stroked her face, running fingertips over forehead, cheeks, chin, sliding across to the earlobe. She laid her body down onto Zara's, took the earlobe between her teeth, tongued it as the two women pressed bellies, thighs together. She rolled onto her side, Zara's face followed and their mouths came together. As tongues explored lips, teeth and tongue, Karen's hand stroked Zara's breast and belly, her fingers sliding into her pants. She removed her hand and slid it between Zara's thighs, pressed upward, and felt the growing warmth and dampness there, the more insistent motion now of Zara's hips.

Zara unfastened her belt buckle, and three hands cooperated to slide pants over hips, past thighs, knees and ankles. Returning her attention to Zara's ear, Karen took the outer circle of cartilage between her teeth, applied gentle pressure. She traced out its inside diameter with her tongue, directed a measured volume of hot moist breath into the deeper recesses as her hand stroked buttock and lower back. Zara squirmed, goose flesh rose on her arm and thigh. Karen's tongue slipped around now, pressed behind the ear, tickled the hairline, then worked down Zara's neck. She took a large area of flesh into her mouth, compressed it with her teeth, and a spasm passed through Zara's back, her body bucked. Adjusting her position, Karen reached further around and lower, bit into another mouthful of neck and shoulder muscle as she raked nails up Zara's back, and was rewarded this time with a delighted squeal.

**K**aren found herself pushed over onto her back, and she stroked Zara's hair and back as tongue and teeth traced out her own nipples, skimmed across to her underarm. As this reversal was repeated several times, heat rose and swelled in the two women.

Now Karen ran her tongue down the crease between belly and thigh, used one hand to urge Zara's thighs apart wider. Avoiding the broad pad of scar in the center, she lapped along the sensitive flesh outside what remained of Zara's lips. A moan escaped from deep inside of Zara, and Karen pressed on, down and back, tonguing the intact flesh behind her vaginal entrance as she brought both hands under buttocks and around hips, stroking the other woman's belly.

Zara rolled onto her side and raised one knee. She stroked her own side as Karen's tongue slid further back, circled the opening which was now revealed to her. She slid a finger at the same time gently into Zara's vagina, pressed and swirled it, careful to avoid too much pressure against the scarred entrance. Her other hand searched out a foot. She slid fingers between toes. Zara's energy grew and grew, was expressed in her voice, her breathing, the rocking motion of her hips.

Their bodies intertwined, Karen pressed and Zara strove, hips thrusting. They continued so until Zara, finally tiring, brought her hands down and took hold of Karen's face, directed it up until the women were face-to-face again. Karen held Zara tightly, stroked her gently and whispered to her while her energy subsided, her tension slowly eased, the rocking motion of her pelvis gradually receded.

## by Cheryl Chase

*Author Cheryl Chase is the founder of the Intersex Society of North America. As an infant, Chase's intersexual body was "normalized" by specialist physicians who removed her clitoris and inner labia.*

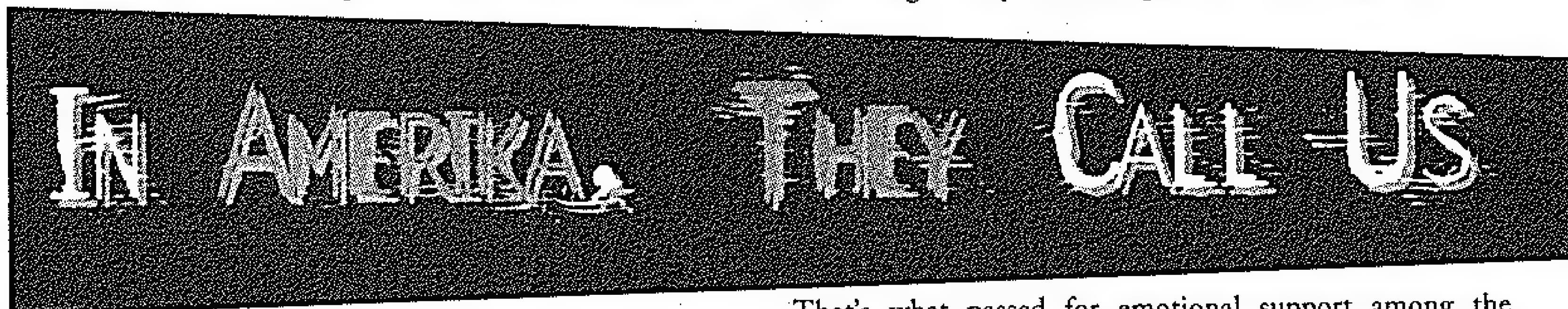
*The Intersex Society of North America (ISNA) is a peer advocacy group for persons born with mixed sexual anatomy. Mutilating, medically unnecessary genital surgery compounded with dissembling, shame, and secrecy remains standard medical practice for dealing with the one in 2,000 or so infants whose genital appearance fails to meet rigid societal expectations. More info is available at ISNA's web site, <http://www.isna.org>. ISNA can be contacted at PO Box 31791, San Francisco, CA 94131, or by e-mail at [info@isna.org](mailto:info@isna.org).*



**I** never had any reason to suspect anything strange. I appeared female when I was born in 1972, and I was assigned to be and raised as a girl.

When I was 12, I started to notice that my clitoris (that wonderful location of pleasure for which I had no name but to which I had grown quite attached) had grown more prominent. At least, that's how I perceived it. I can't remember whether I thought anything about it; I just remember that I began to notice it. I'm sure that it

all, my doctors made a traumatizing hospitalization even more traumatizing by putting me on show for parades of earnest young residents with "you're-a-freak-but-we're-compassionate" grins on their faces. This, all without nurses or my parents anywhere around. Second, I know now from my parents that the pediatric endocrinologists repeatedly advised them that I did not need to know the truth. They told my parents some horror story about a girl like me who had peeked at her file once while the doctor was out of the room and then killed herself. My mother asked the doctors specifically if they thought I would benefit from any type of counseling. They discouraged her from pursuing it.



was at least three months after I had taken note that my mother caught a glimpse of me as I bathed one day after returning from the dance studio. She tried very hard not to let on how alarmed she was, but of course a 12-year-old girlchild just senses these things. When the pediatrician examined me the next day she was also obviously alarmed. She referred me to a female pediatric endocrinologist at the University of Illinois Medical School.

Exactly one month later, I was admitted to Children's Memorial Hospital in Chicago for surgery. They told me a little bit about the part where they were going to "remove my ovaries" because they suspected cancer or something like that. They didn't mention the part where they were going to slice off my clitoris. All of it. I guess the doctors assumed I was as horrified by my outsized clit as they were, and that there was no need to discuss it with me. After a week's recovery in the hospital, we all went home and barely ever spoke of it again.

As for the assertion that doctors now consistently provide sophisticated counseling for the intersexed child and family, my experience does not reflect that good intention. First of

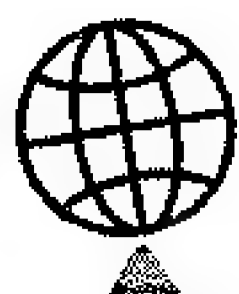
That's what passed for emotional support among the Children's Memorial Hospital intersex specialist team in Chicago in 1985.

**N**ow 24, I've spent the last 10 years in a haze of disordered eating and occasional depression. My struggle with bulimia has been an all-consuming although mostly secret part of my life, and I now believe it represents my attempts to express the fear, shame, rage, and intense body-hatred that I have felt as a result of the — until now — unspeakable assault that I experienced under the guise of medical treatment.

I do have some clitoral sensation. I sometimes masturbate and I do have an experience which I call orgasm — some faint muscular contractions. But my body's response is unreliable, and nothing like the tremendous sensitivity and wonderful juicy orgasms I had before the clitoral surgery. I would say that the clitoral recession and vaginoplasty decreased my responsiveness by a factor of five or ten.

Four months ago, I finally got some of my medical records from Children's Memorial Hospital in Chicago. They are

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shocking. The surgeon who removed my clitoris summarized the outcome as "tolerated well."

I hadn't made much sense of these records until a recent visit to my gynecologist, at Barnes Hospital in St. Louis. I was referred to her three years ago, by the University of Illinois pediatric endocrinologist, to determine whether I would "need" the vaginoplasty. This was all news to me, as I had never been informed that I would ever need more surgery. As it turned out, my gynecologist concluded that I had a sufficient vagina and she recommended only pressure dilation.

In fact, she was absolutely right. I couldn't believe it as I sat there reading stories that I could have written.

After reading these articles and others that I located at the ISNA website, I now suspect that I have partial androgen insensitivity syndrome. The medical team lied to me about removing my ovaries — they actually removed my testes. I know from my records that I have a 46 XY karyotype.

I am horrified by what has been done to me and by the conspiracy of silence and lies. I am filled with grief and rage,

# HERMAPHRODITES

Anyway, just about a month ago I visited the gynecologist for my routine annual physical — she's the only doctor I ever see. This time, when she asked what kinds of questions I had, I pulled out my records and asked her to review them with me. She actually spent over an hour with me explaining some of my records to me.

One phrase that stuck in my head was "androgen insensitivity syndrome." I left that day still in a fog, but a little more confident that at least someone had taken my questions seriously.

Then, just under a week ago, I received a package by mail from a friend in whom I had confided sketchy details about my surgery. Natalie Angier's article about the Intersex Society of North America (Intersexual Healing, *New York Times* Week in Review Section, Sunday, Feb. 4, 1996) and the Winter '95-'96 issue of ISNA's newsletter *Hermaphrodites with Attitude* had crossed her desk, and she realized that this might be related to my situation.

but also relief, finally to believe that maybe I am not the only one. My doctor told me more than once that I wasn't the only one, but I never got to meet any of them.

I'm full of anticipation, fear, and craziness at the thought that, through the Intersex Society of North America (ISNA), I may finally be able to speak with and meet others who share these experiences.

*Angela Moreno is the youngest person to appear in the video Hermaphrodites Speak!, where she discusses the harmful impact that genital surgery has had on her life. Months before mainstream media began to cover the issue, Angela went public with an interview and photo in her own city's St. Louis Riverfront Times. Angela is the Intersex Society of North America's minister of information, answering most of the large volume of incoming e-mail inquiries.*

*See p.43 for info on the Intersex Society of North America.*

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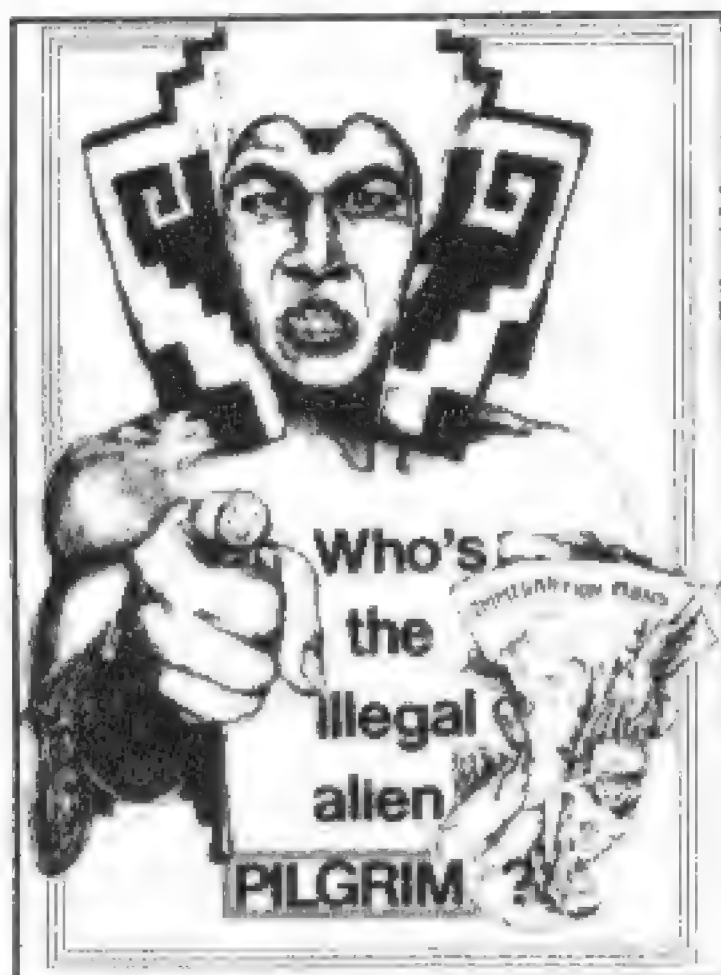
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# What Your Mother Never Told You

Words of Wisdom from  
Auntie Margo & Uncle Bill



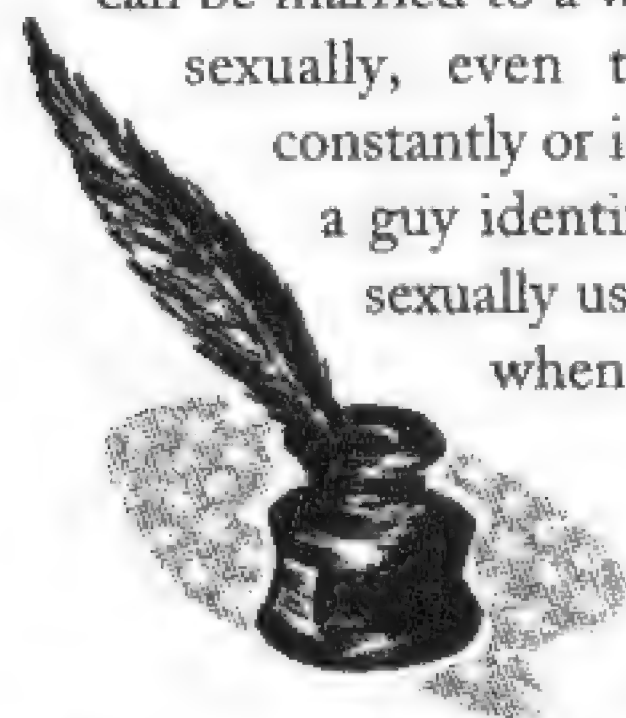
Dear Uncle Bill:

*So I was at this mixed gender, pansexual play party that had predominantly hot, sexy gay men and hardly any women. I had kind of resigned myself to the thought that I wasn't going to get any that night, because all these gay men don't like women — they like men, ya know, or they wouldn't be gay. So anyway, I wound up in the center of a big puppy pile with four gay men, all of whom were really hot for my bod! It was a great experience, all these guys fondling each other and servicing me at the center of it all. I guess what I learned from that night is that people's sexuality really is fluid, despite their stated sexual orientation. But I'm still kind of puzzled that these gay dudes were attracted to me enough to play when they had their pick of some of the hottest dudes on the planet. Any thoughts?*

— *The Girl with the Most Cake*

Dear Cake Girl:

How people identify sexually does not always correlate with what they do in the sack. Likewise, they may desire or fantasize about lots of things they don't actually do. And there are gay-identified men who recognize that their primary attraction is to men, but they've probably never had an experience with a woman due to lack of opportunity, or shyness, or whatever. But if you put a duck in the water, as the saying goes, he'll swim. This partly explains how a man can be married to a woman for many years and satisfy her sexually, even though he fantasizes about men constantly or is most attracted to men. Just because a guy identifies as gay doesn't always mean he's sexually useless with or uninterested in women when presented with the opportunity.



I think that the situation you found yourself in (lucky girl!) created an opportunity for the guys

to explore being sexual with a woman without having to "be the man about it" — i.e., having to get a roaring hard-on and have penis-vagina intercourse, or act in a traditionally heterosexual way. In other words, they didn't have to stop being queer in order to play with you. There were enough sexy, naked men in the pile for them to get aroused in a comfortable, familiar context without feeling this huge prerogative to be "The One" to satisfy you. It sounds, though, like the "servicing" they gave you was very satisfying, anyway. Hooray.

Then again, maybe they weren't really gay. At least some of them could have been bi. Apparently, they were situationally bi, based on your description. So you're right; people's sexuality can be really fluid. Sometimes I think that our sexuality has more to do with open-mindedness than with primary attraction. Why is it that I have gay male friends who love to watch het porn while others loathe it? And I know dykes who love to read gay male erotica, while others couldn't be less interested. And at a recent party, I surprised myself by enjoying a video of transsexuals romping with a genetic guy — something I've never done in real life.

Look at it this way: these guys can play with men any night of the month. But how often are they presented with a chance to play with a woman without having to abide the elaborate courting ritual that straight men usually go through? Maybe what they don't want is an emotional commitment to or a relationship with a woman.

The point is: don't make assumptions. Our society judges homoerotic men harshly for their same-sex attraction. Guess what? Gay men are often afraid of being judged negatively by women for the same reason. So this scares them off, too. But you obviously reacted to that same-sex behavior in a verrrry positive way, so you did get "the most cake." Go, girl!

— *Uncle Bill*

Uncle Bill (aka Bill Brent) edits and publishes two sex-oriented publications. *Black Sheets* is a bi-oriented zine for kinky, queer, intelligent, and irreverent folk. *The Black Book* is a 196-page, illustrated resource guide for the erotic explorer. Bill has also worked as a switchboard supervisor with San Francisco Sex Information.

Auntie Margo is off conducting research, and will return next issue!



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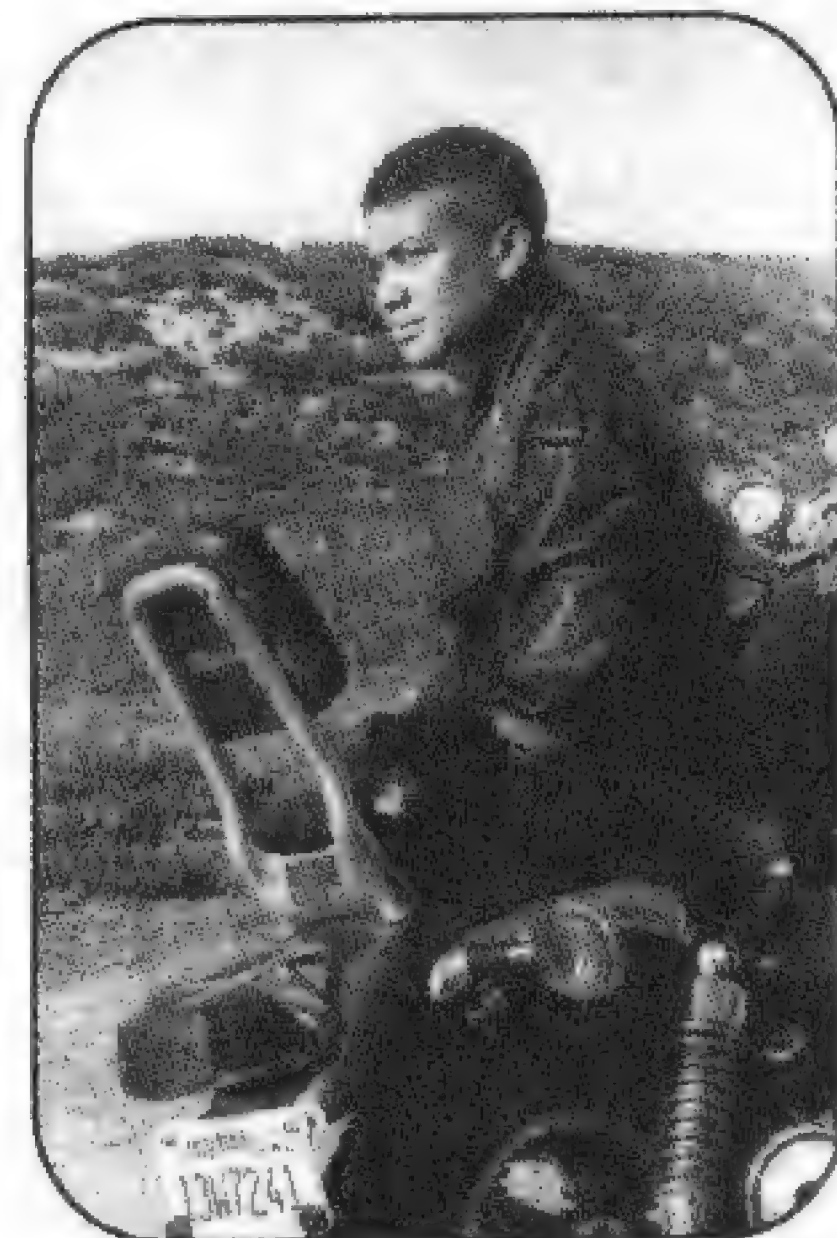


Photo by Phyllis Christopher

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# PRIVATE ART

Dorinne © 1995

MY MOTHER IS PARTIALLY BEDRIDDEN DUE TO A HERNIATED DISK.

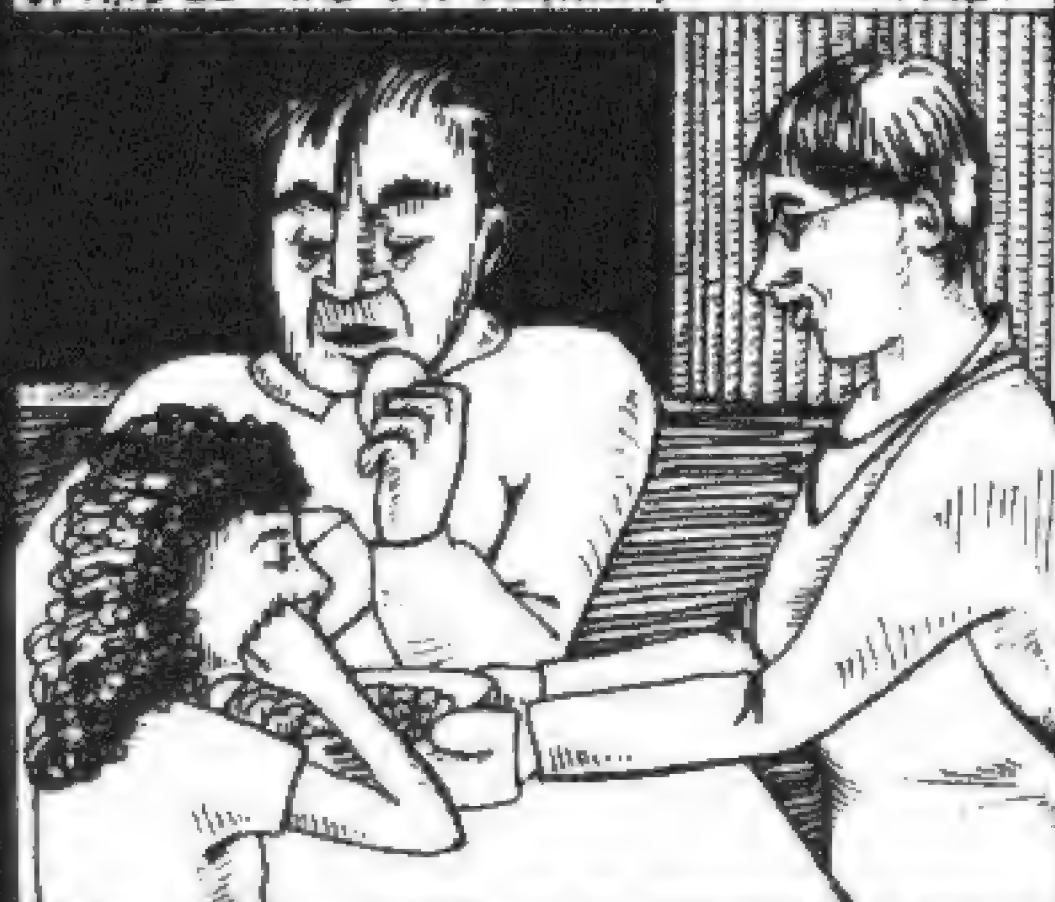


SHE HAD ALWAYS BEEN THE EMOTIONAL SUPPORT OF THE FAMILY. WHEN DAD WOULD COME HOME FROM WORK AND YELL, SHE'D PROTECT US KIDS FROM HIM. SHE TOOK CARE OF EVERYTHING, DID WHAT NO ONE ELSE WOULD DO. SHE WAS WHAT MADE OUR FAMILY HAPPY.

GROWING UP, I DIDN'T THINK MY MOTHER DID ANYTHING. I HAD NO IDEA WHAT SHE DID ALL DAY. ALL I SAW WAS DAD OUT IN THE BIG WORLD AND MOM HOLDING HIS ROUSE TOGETHER. EVERYTHING WAS TO SUIT HIM.



I WAS EXPECTED TO GO TO COLLEGE AND HAVE A CAREER. NOBODY WANTED ME TO GROW UP AND BE LIKE MY MOTHER, ESPECIALLY ME.

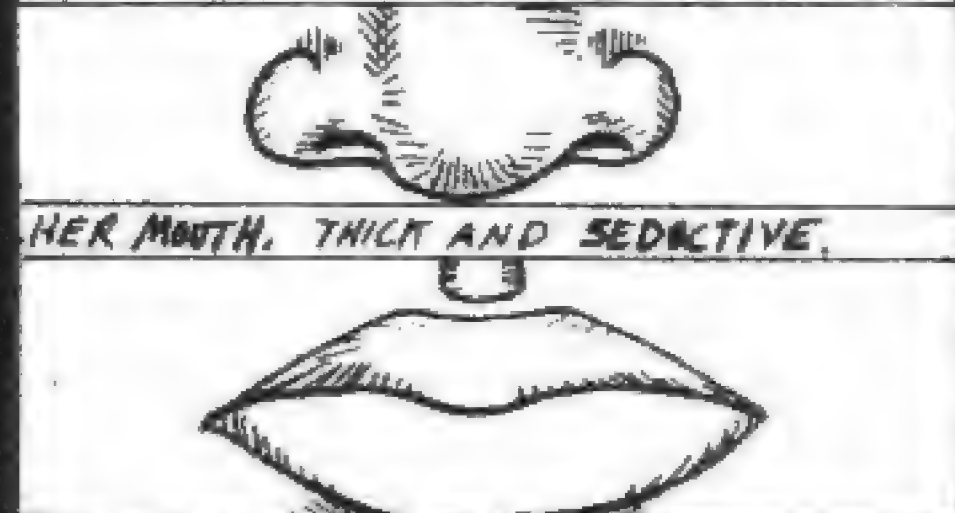


I NEVER THOUGHT SHE WAS PRETTY EITHER. I HAD HARDLY LOOKED AT HER UNTIL I STARTED DRAWING. THAT WAS TEN YEARS AGO, WHEN HER HAIR WAS STILL BLACK.

HER EYEBROWS, LIKE GLAMOROUS TIRE TRACKS.



HER NOSE, A DISTINGUISHED MAIDEN TRAIT.



HER MOUTH, THICK AND SEDUCTIVE.



MY MOTHER SEDUCTIVE? SHE NEVER TALKED ABOUT SEX. SHE NEVER TALKED ABOUT LOVE EITHER; SHE BELIEVED THE SUBJECT WAS 'TOO PERSONAL'. LIFE WAS A MATTER-OF-FACT, NOT OF FEELINGS. I THINK SHE WAS ALWAYS THIS WAY, BEING A VERY SERIOUS BEAUTY QUEEN BACK IN HIGH SCHOOL.



MOM'S CHANGED A LOT IN THOSE TEN YEARS. IT'S HARD TO SEE HER FEATURES BENEATH HER AGE. I THINK, "IS THAT WHAT I'LL BE SOMEDAY? WILL MY DAUGHTER BE THINKING THIS WHEN I'M OLD?"



LATE ONE NIGHT I GOT HER TO POSE TOPLESS FOR A DRAWING SINCE EVERYONE ELSE WAS ASLEEP, SHE AGREED. SHE DIDN'T MIND IT, BUT MADE ME PROMISE NEVER TO TELL DAD.



ABOUT THE SAME TIME, WE TOOK A DRAWING CLASS TOGETHER. THE TEACHER CONSTANTLY CRITICIZED ME, BUT LEFT MOM ALONE. I GUESS MOM WAS ABOVE CRITICISM. I WAS SO JEALOUS.



MOM CALLS ME FROM HER BED NOW. IT'S HARD FOR HER TO BE STILL FOR HOURS.

I IMAGINE HER IN HER COTTON GOWN. WHEN I LIVED AT HOME, SHE SPENT YEARS TRYING TO GET ME TO WEAR PAJAMAS. I NEVER WOULD. I COULDN'T UNDERSTAND WHY ANYONE WOULD WEAR CLOTHES TO BED.

DAD ALWAYS COMPLAINED THAT HER FEET WERE ICICLES. HE'D SCOLD HER WHEN SHE WARMED THEM ON HIS LEGS.

WHEN I FED THE BABIES AT NIGHT I STARTED WEARING A NIGHTGOWN. AFTER AWHILE I GOT SO USED TO IT I COULDN'T SLEEP WITHOUT ONE.

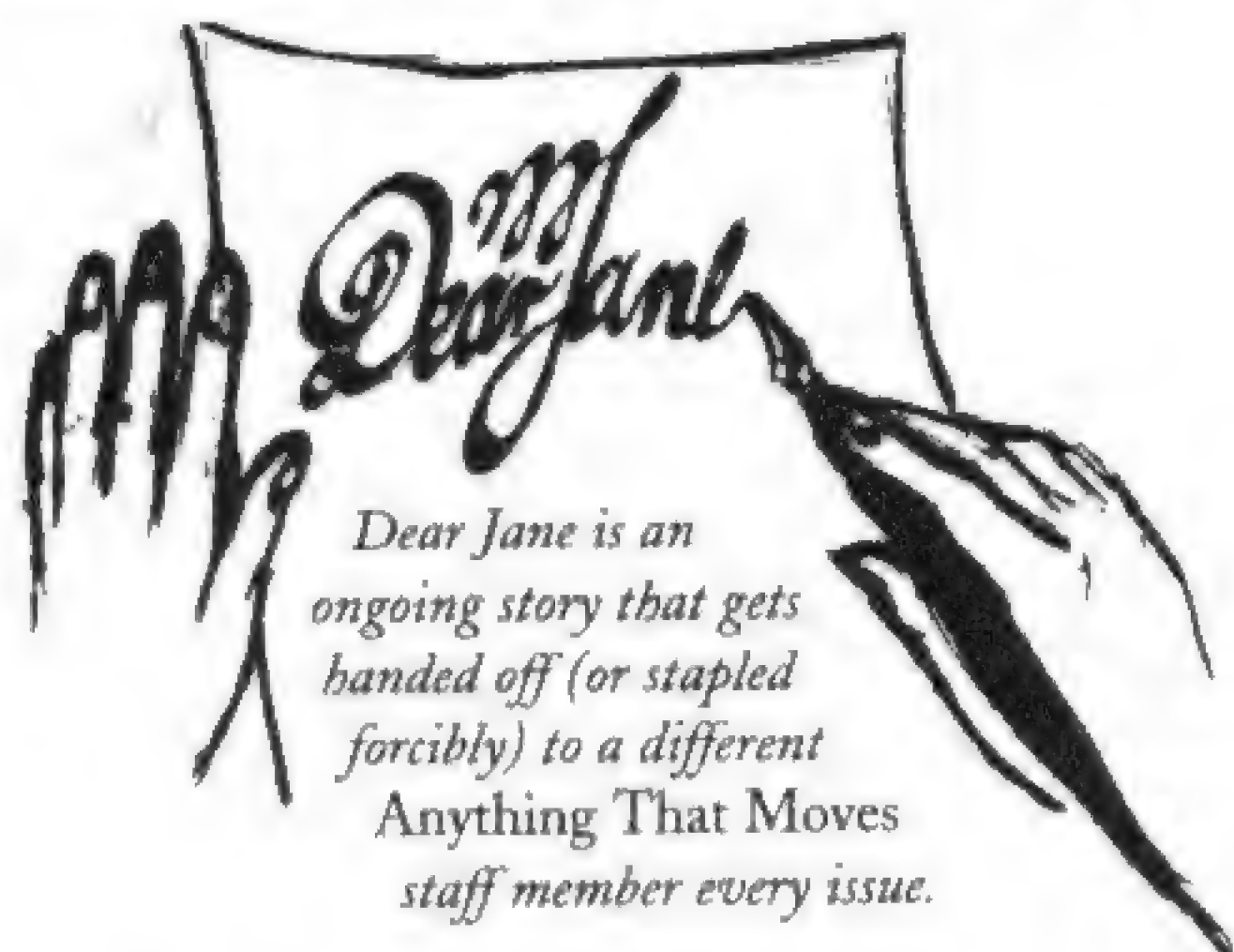
MY HUSBAND SCREAMS WHEN I TOUCH HIS BODY WITH MY TOES, THEY'RE SO COLD. HE SAYS THERE MUST BE SOMETHING WRONG WITH ME. I CAN IMAGINE WHAT.



# Two Crushes and a Head Injury

by Anne Killpack

Illustrations by Julia Keel



## Our Heroes:

*Erika*, our troubled heroine, currently recovering from a bad relationship with Jane, goes out with her first man in years, and ends up going back to her office to have sex with him.

*Jane*, meanwhile, is furious at finding out that Erika is dating a man. Jane is still leaving vicious messages on Erika's answering machine....

*Ray*, Erika's date, similarly recovering from the loss of his long-standing male partner to AIDS a few years ago, and begining to explore his bisexuality — and his sexual quirks.

They're interrupted by *Barbara*, the office night janitor and poet, who has a secret crush on Erika, and has been reading letters — and sex fantasies — to Jane, which Barbara found in Erika's recycle bin.

*"When Last We Left Them: Ray was trying to persuade Erika to perform sex acts with a leftover carrot, much to Erika's dismay, when Barbara accidentally walked in on them. Erika, mortified, ordered Barbara out. Barbara burst into tears of despair and ran, dropping her keys — and Erika's writings. Erika hid the carrot, and distracted Ray with oral sex. On their way out, they were horrified to find Barbara unconscious in the hallway amid spilled mop water and chaos...."*

"O h my God. Is she okay?" Erika panicked, falling to her knees beside Barbara's head. "Barbara, can you hear me?"

Ray leaned over her to look. "That cut's not bad, but if she's unconscious..."

Erika felt the cold mop water soaking through her slacks as she gently touched Barbara's innocent face. "Barbara? She's breathing, but... should we move her? I don't know what to do! Should we get her out of the water?"

Ray was looking around the hallway and the employee lounge. "She might have broken something. Don't move her yet. Keep talking to her; she might come out of it." Ray splashed back to her and handed her some napkins. "Hold that over the wound for now. Doesn't this office have a first aid kit anywhere?"

"I... I can't remember! She might have been here ever since she ran out... what if she's in a coma?" Erika wailed, distracted. "I can't think." But that was a lie; she could think, but all she could think of was poor Barbara, how she looked so sweet when she was unconscious. Erika felt that it was all her fault.

Ray frowned. "I'll look for a first aid kit. Do you think we should call an ambulance?"

"Wait! The security guard's downstairs, Ray. He'd know what to do. The number for the front desk should be on that phone over there," Erika remembered.

Ray looked distressed, but splashed through the puddle to the employee lounge phone and began dialing.

"Barbara? Can you hear me? I'm really sorry," Erika said, holding the napkins over the cut on Barbara's forehead. They were starting to stain red. "Barbara?"

"Hi, is this security?" Ray was asking. "Yeah. I'm on the twenty-sixth floor, and the janitor's fallen and hit her head. She's unconcious. Yes, she's breathing and all that. No, we didn't move her yet. Okay."

"Well?" Erika demanded.

"He's on his way up," Ray said.



He frowned, wondering why that guard's voice sounded so familiar.

Erika sighed with relief. "He'll know what to do, right? I feel terrible about this." She sighed, looking down at Barbara's unconscious face. *If we hadn't been up here, this would never have happened. She looked so horrified when she saw me. And why was she carrying my old letter to Jane? Does she have a crush on me? And she just saw me with a man...* "Barbara? Please wake up."

They both heard the elevator doors slide open, and someone stepped out, saying "Hello? Where are you?"

"Over here," Ray shouted. Erika blinked, and added, "The employee lounge!"

**F**ootsteps quickly rounded the corner, and they both stared at the security guard as he stopped momentarily at the edge of the puddle. Ray frowned again. *Man, he's really built. He looks a little familiar, too... but I can't place him.*

The guard splashed into the puddle to look at Barbara. "What a mess. Any idea what happened?"

"No, we just came around the corner and found her here," Erika said, sighing with relief as the big, muscled guard took over holding Barbara's head out of the water.

"She didn't yell? How long do you think she was here?" he asked, gently examining Barbara.

"Um..." Erika thought frantically. *How long does it take to give a man oral sex? I have no idea...* "It couldn't have been more than half an hour."

"More like twenty minutes, I think," Ray said, offering Erika a hand up from the puddle. Erika accepted, brushing futilely at the wet cotton of her slacks, and sat down, feeling numb with shock. The guard opened his first-aid box and started applying bandages and tape. Erika stared blankly at his

competent, delicate hands, and her gaze strayed to the big suggestive flashlight hanging off one slender, muscled hip. *My first date with a man in over a decade, and he wants me to have sex with a carrot, and then my office crush catches me in the act — and she's got a crush on me, too, from the looks of things — and now she's lying unconscious in a puddle of mop water and Conan the Security Guard is here to save the day. How come I never noticed him before? He's hotter than an aftershave ad... look at those thigh muscles. Oh God, how can I be ogling the hunky security guard while Barbara's lying there bleeding?*

"Is she going to be okay?" Erika burst out.

"I think so," the guard said reassuringly. "Her neck's not broken, and I don't think she's going to need stitches. Head wounds bleed a lot even when they're not serious. I think she's just going to have a nasty bruise and maybe a sprain. Hey, help me get her up on the table and out of the puddle."

Ray stepped forward, trying not to slip, and gently picked up Barbara's legs as the guard — who still looked and sounded naggingly familiar — easily lifted most of Barbara's weight. Ray couldn't help noticing the impressive pectoral muscles — until Barbara moaned softly.

Erika sat up. "Barbara! Is she awake?"

Ray and the guard lowered Barbara gently to the table.

"Find something to hold her head up," the guard said.

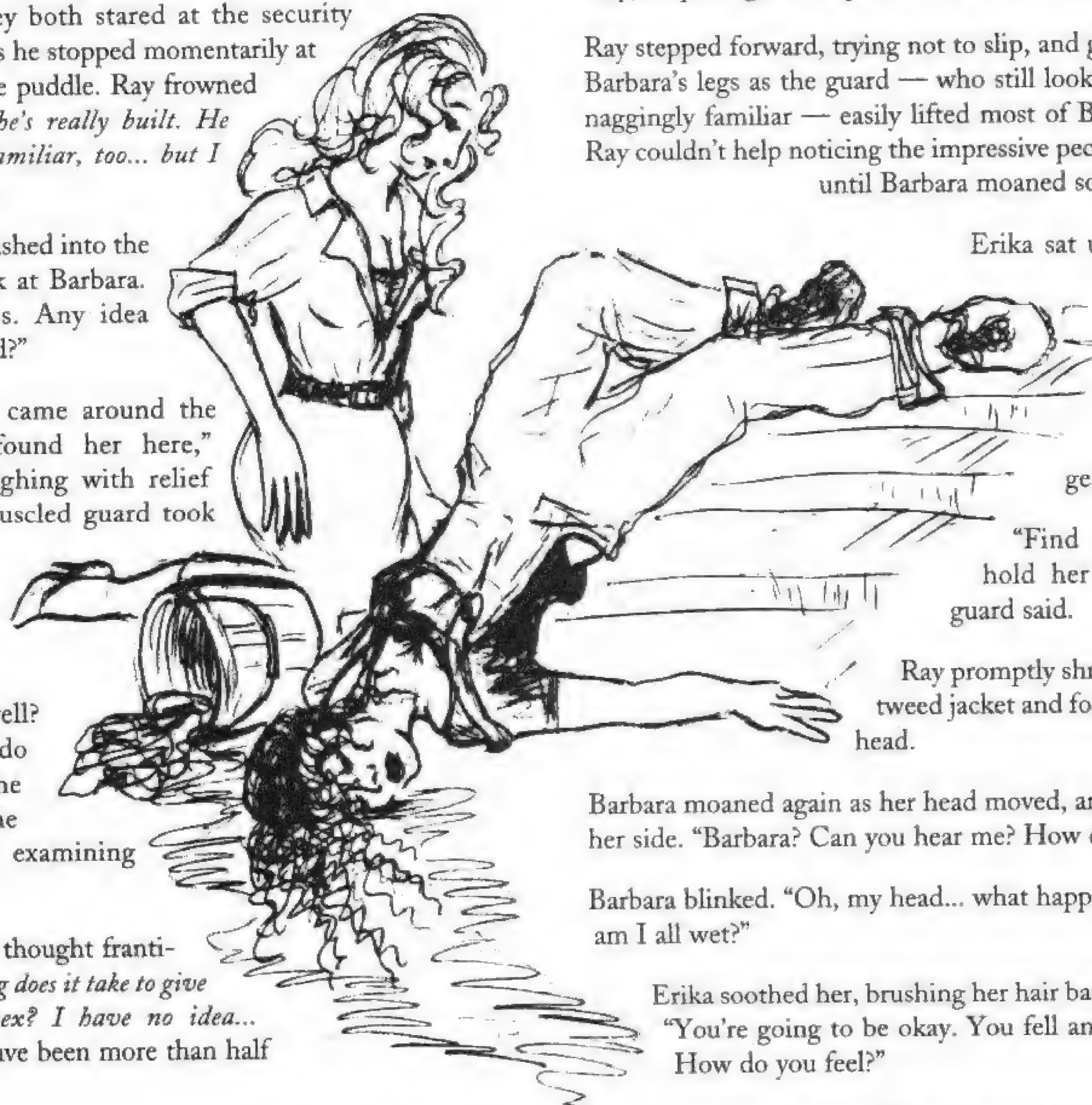
Ray promptly shrugged out of his tweed jacket and folded it under her head.

Barbara moaned again as her head moved, and Erika leapt to her side. "Barbara? Can you hear me? How do you feel?"

Barbara blinked. "Oh, my head... what happened? Ow! Why am I all wet?"

Erika soothed her, brushing her hair back from her face. "You're going to be okay. You fell and hit your head. How do you feel?"

Barbara stared up into Erika's big dark eyes, and suddenly remembered. A tear sprang to her eye, but then she had another thought. *Neither of us will suffer if I just pretend I don't remember anything about what happened. I don't want her to be angry. And she looks so beautiful looking down at me like a ministering angel...*





"I... I feel like I hit my head, all right. What happened?" Barbara asked, trying her best to look innocent.

"Great; she's conscious. Just lie still for a minute, and you'll be okay," the guard said, picking up the mop.

"You must've slipped somehow. I found your keys," Erika said guiltily. "It looks like you hit your head on the shredder. How do you feel?"

The guard intruded into Barbara's angelic vision. "Can you see okay? Are you dizzy? Your pupils don't look dilated. You're pretty lucky. You could have had a concussion. I think you're okay though."

"I... ooh," Barbara moaned, as she tried to sit up. *I think I'll just lie here and let Erika hold me for a while longer; my head's pounding! Anyway, I could lie here and let her take care of me forever. Her hair's hanging down almost to where I could reach it. So are her magnificent breasts...* Barbara let her eyelids sag, thinking back to the glorious brief vision of Erika naked in her office. Erika, naked, glistening, beckoning....

Erika leaned away for a moment, and Barbara sighed to herself. But Erika returned, wrapping Barbara in her own coat. "It's too bad we can't get you out of those wet clothes," Erika said softly, "but at least this should keep you warm."

"Thank you!" Barbara sighed, sinking blissfully into Erika's warm, Erika-fragranced jacket, and Erika's warm embrace. "You're so kind..."

"You should probably see a doctor in the morning," the guard's voice intruded. "We'll call you a taxi."

Ray watched the security guard mopping up some of the excess water. *He looks familiar, he sounds familiar... and yet not. Who is this guy? And how could I have forgotten such a hunk? Is he gay? Anyone can have a short haircut and earrings these days.*

"Hey, Ray, can you kick that bucket closer?" the guard asked.

Ray did so, and then gasped. "How do you know my name? Do you know me?"

The guard looked up from his mopping and grinned, a grin that made parts of Ray want to melt. "It is you, Ray? I didn't recognize you without your mustache. How's it going?"

Ray stared in amazement. "Who are you? I should know you, but..."

The handsome grin got wider. "You don't recognize me? I think I'm flattered. It was years ago, Ray. We used to have lunch together when you worked at that insurance firm, remember? Salad bar and boyfriend complaints?"

Ray's jaw dropped. "Vic? Vickie?"

"Most people just call me Vic now, hon, but you make Vickie sound so macho. Remember how I was considering a sex change? I did it," Vic said, with a macho grin.

Ray gulped, tried to back into a chair and slipped on the still-damp floor. "Jesus Christ," he gasped and managed to pull himself into the chair with Vic's help.

Vic's big blue eyes — same eyes, same face, but the cloud of blonde curls was gone, the makeup was gone, but the smile — the smile was the smile of the only woman he'd ever considered leaving his lover for. But she wasn't a woman any more....

"What's going on?" Barbara asked weakly, trying to sit up, but fell back into Erika's embrace with a moan.

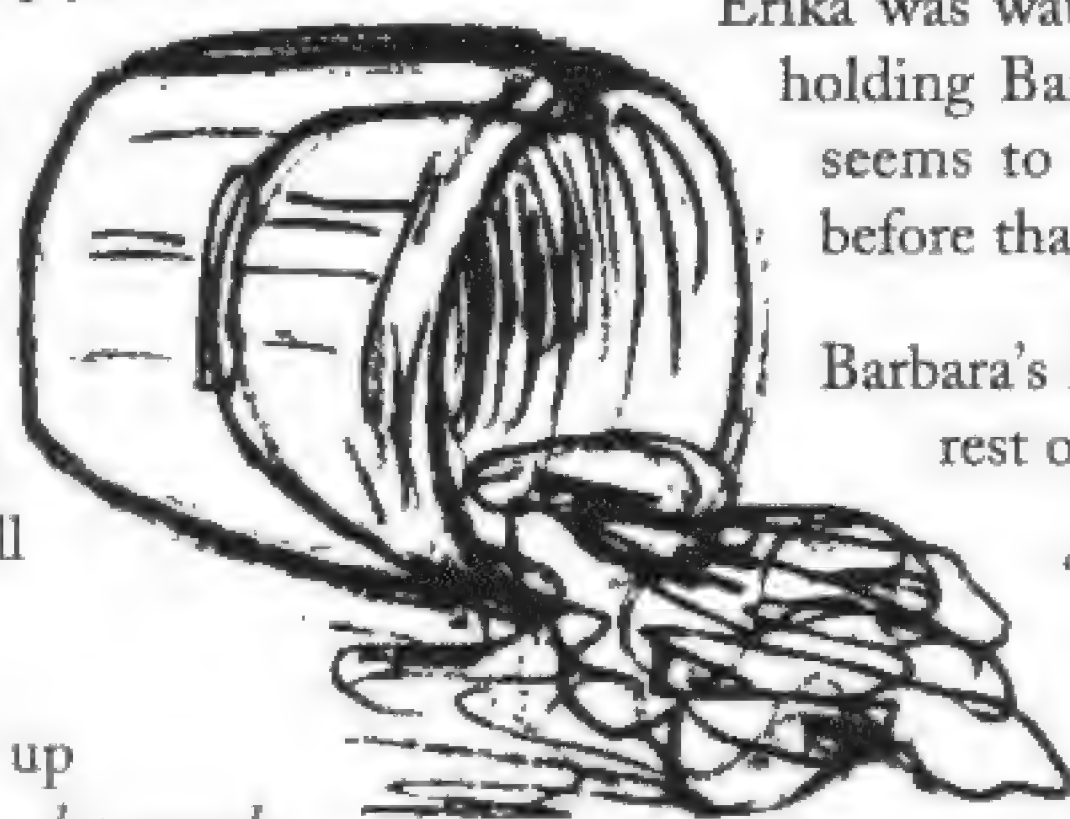
Erika was watching the drama and absent-mindedly holding Barbara's hand. "The hunky security guy seems to be a transsexual, and Ray knew him before that," she whispered.

Barbara's lids sagged again, and she let her head rest on Erika's ample breasts. "Wild."

"You're okay with this, right, Ray?" Vic asked, looking down at him.

"It's just been a really weird night, that's all. Um, you look fantastic."

Ray blinked at those perfect ice-blue eyes. *Okay with this? I'm confused as hell! It was my crush on Vickie that made me realize I was bisexual and not gay. Now she's — he's — male, and I think I still have a crush on him....*



*Anne Killpack is none of the people in this story, and is kind of glad of it, although that's probably tempting fate and the next author too far.*

*What will happen next issue? Which hapless staff member will write his or her way out of this one? Stay tuned, loyal readers...*



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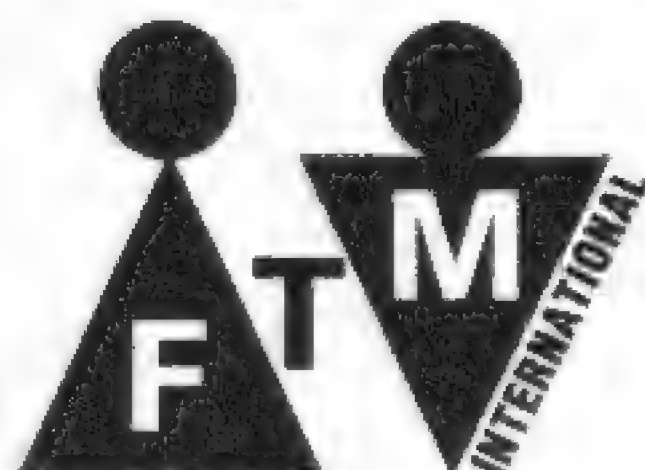
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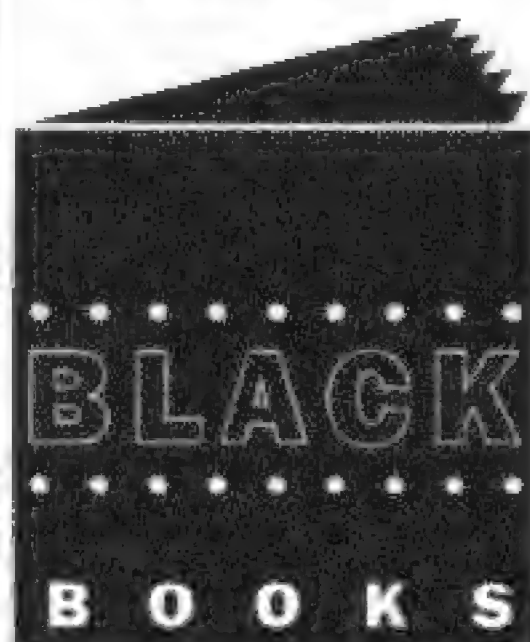
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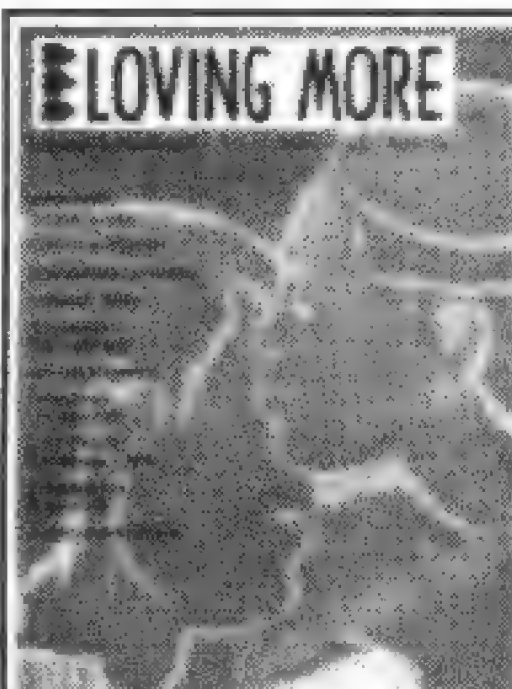
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# THE BISEXUAL BACKPACK

**Bisexuality: The Psychology and Politics of an Invisible Minority**  
 Edited by Beth A. Firestein  
 Thousand Oaks, CA:  
 SAGE Publications, 1996

*Reviewed by Tree Bressen*

**B**eth Firestein's new volume *Bisexuality: The Psychology and Politics of an Invisible Minority* is that rare creature, an anthology so seamless it could have been written by a single author. Consisting of 11 chapters by a total of 14 authors, the topics fit together so well that it's obvious this anthology was created with conscientiousness and care.

Aimed primarily at a professional audience, the articles are quite readable even if you are not an academic researcher. However, if you shy away from college-level textbooks, beware. My impression was that the aim was to write in clear language that psychologists and scholars would find acceptably highbrow, while still allowing other people as much accessibility as possible.

For those in academia, the book is a delight. Unlike past efforts by misunderstanding outsiders, the authors

here assume that yes, bisexuality exists, and no, we don't need to apologize for it. I don't know what portion of the authors identify themselves as bi, but all write from a bi-positive, sex-positive viewpoint. Starting from that premise allows them to make great strides forward in developing a solid theoretical base both for understanding bisexuality and for future political action.

Much of this is accomplished by shifting the focus away from bisexuals and toward the shortcomings of the society we exist in. For instance, it is suggested that the distress of clients having a hard time adjusting to a bisexual or transgender identity just might be due more to the rampant dualism or biphobia they are exposed to (from therapists and others) than to any pathology inherent in recognizing a new sexual agenda.

Some of the chapters explore bisexuality's many definitions, contrasting behaviors against self-identifications. The gap between perceptions and realities — between who people say they are and what they actually do — is responsible for

much hurtful confusion, especially between lesbians and bi wimmin. From Loraine Hutchins' historical notes on bis who have contributed to lesbian empowerment, to Margo Rila's reminder that many wimmin who call

themselves lesbians also have sex with men, it is gratifying to see traditional assumptions factually examined.

Chapters such as Firestein's "Bisexuality as Paradigm Shift: Transforming Our Disciplines" go even deeper, taking apart step-by-step the tautological assumptions that keep the monosexist model in place. As with other paradigm shifts, it's amazing the convolutions some theorists put themselves through to avoid shifting to a new way of thinking.

Several thoughtful, assertive writers make excellent contributions explaining why a specifically bisexual theory and politics is essential to our empowerment. For example, Hutchins' list of bi issues includes: allowing each person to define his or her identity regardless of who his or her partners are; realizing that closeted and unsafe behavior, rather than people of any particular category, is responsible for the spread of AIDS; and understanding that many bisexual people are also pioneering polyamory and other non-traditional relationship arrangements "and that this dimension needs to be added to the current social debate about domestic partnership and same-gender marriage." And, of course, there is the notion that the reason all kinds of monosexuals freak out about bisexuality is because it's such a challenge to dichotomous hierarchies.

If you've ever consulted psychologists who had no clue about your issues (or focused on your sexual preference to the exclusion of your issues), this book is for them. Each chapter includes specific recommendations to counselors on how to deal better with bi and transgender clients. The topics include handling HIV,

(see "Bisexuality," p.55)

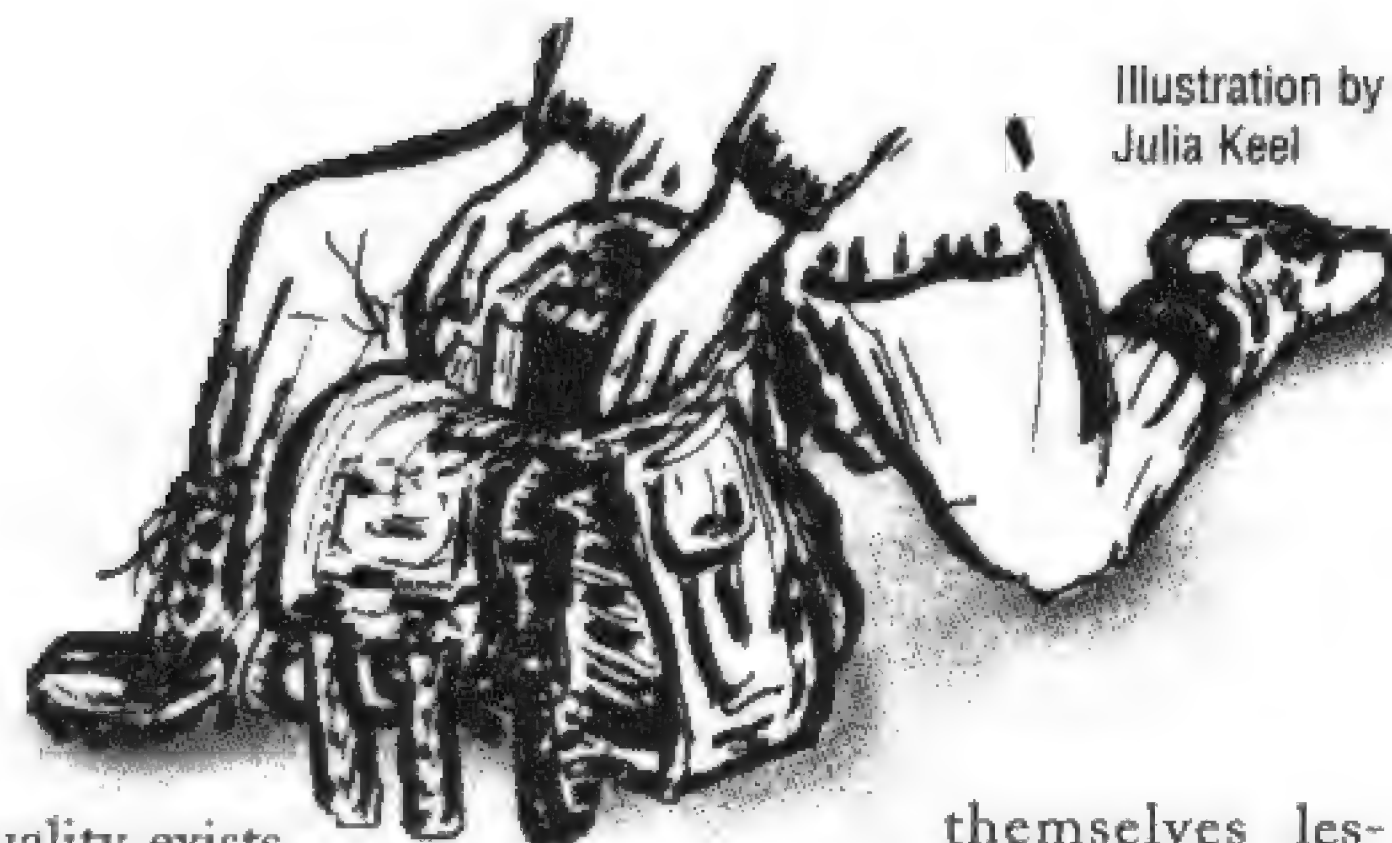
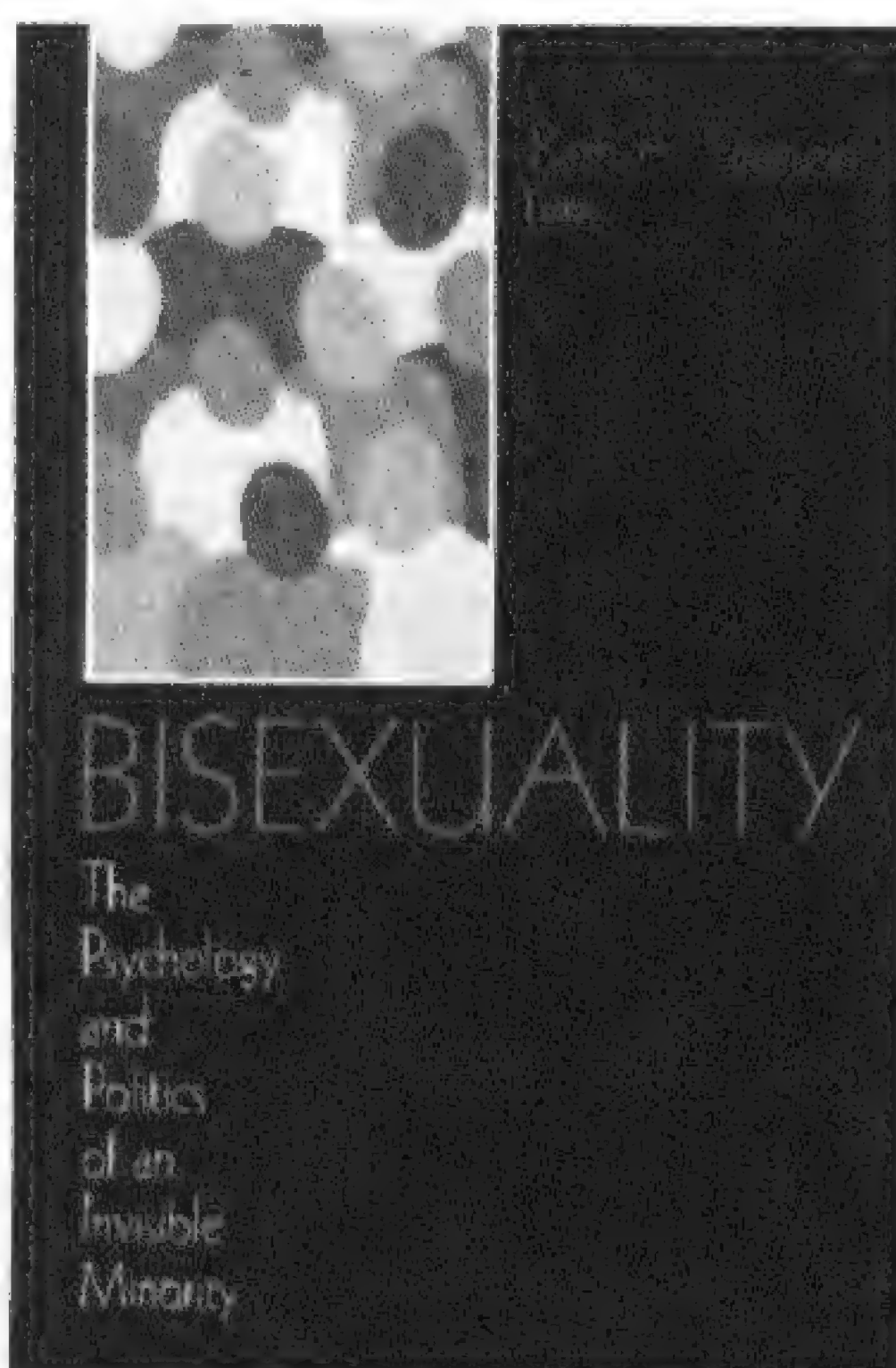


Illustration by  
 Julia Keel





# Nadya

by Pat Murphy

New York: Tom Doherty Associates

Reviewed by Mark Silver

All sorts of changeling things, werewolves not the least among them, inhabited my childhood imagination. I dreamed of turning into a superhero and flying away from bullies at school. I imagined discovering that I was a space alien with super powers who would recall his exciting mission when his memories were activated by the proximity of some Mother Ship. And I dreamed of changing into a werewolf on the full moon and running away from the nice, quiet, homogeneous, stifling, boring suburbs I was growing up in at the time. Little did I know that I would grow up to be a queer Witch, as close to a werewolf as the suburbs see these days. No fangs, though — just stiletto heels and sage smudge.

In *Nadya*, Pat Murphy has written the kind of rich story I missed growing up. In it, Nadya — a young woman descended

from a long line of Eastern European werewolves, whose family has been forced to emigrate to the New World — is forced to make her own way in the early 1800s. Trying to find space away from wolfhunters and their hounds, Nadya soon finds that even the unfenced wilds of the new American east coast are closing in, especially when she and her parents “change” with each full moon. Tragedy eventually forces her to follow the wagon trail to the west coast. Of course, she finds lots of romance and adventure along the way.

Murphy's book is a really good read. I'm no authority on the time period, so I can't speak for its historical accuracy, but it feels real enough. It's one of the few novels I've read set before the raping of

the American west that makes clear what the untouched beauty of this land might have felt like, especially if you walked the entire 3,000 miles from one end to the other. Pat

deals empathetically and justly with the Native American tribes Nadya encounters along the way, showing a richness and depth to their culture that belies the now-stale stereotype of “injuns” as savages without idealizing them.

The book's lesson is clear: Fear of difference is what causes the most harm, whether it is a different gender role (Nadya is a perfect

prototype for a can-do feminist), a different culture, or a difference in whom you love.

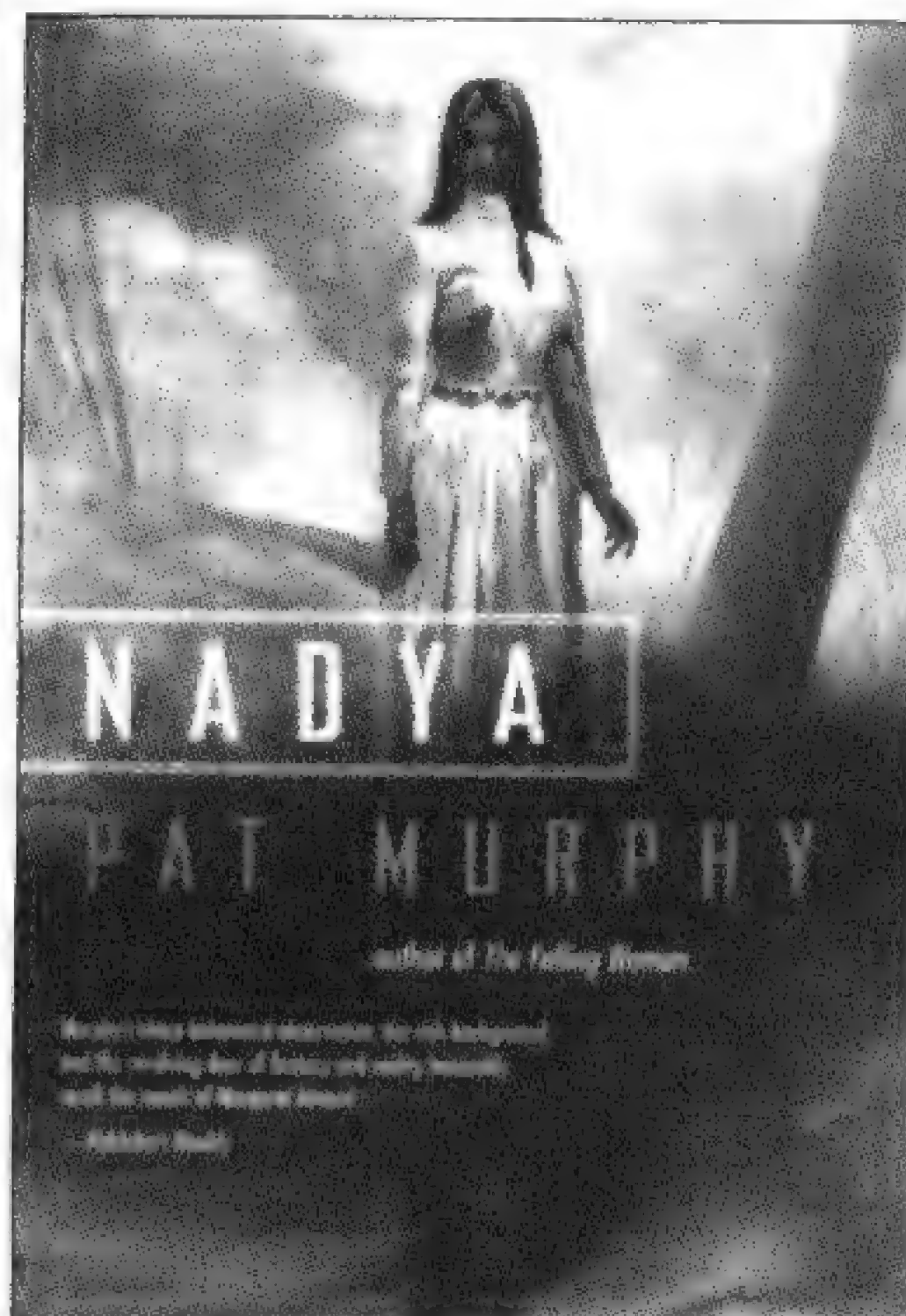
Ah, yes, sweet love, and lust. Interwoven in the book, natural as can be and without a hint of overdone identity politics, is bisexuality. Not the word (it's the 1800s), but Nadya has a strong and clear bisexual history, and she is only confused about other people's confusion with her.

With *Nadya*, Murphy provides a really good story, well-written, with sympathetic characters who just happen to fall in love with whomever they please, back and forth across any and all fences, and it ain't a big deal.

*Nadya* is epic in scope, very complete, and comes full circle. And its ending reminds us that the suburbs don't always win — sometimes you find werewolves to hold back the sweeping tide of homogeneity.

You don't have to believe me, but stay inside on the full moon. It's safer.

And it's a good time to get a little reading done.



## Bisexuality (continued from p.54)

dealing with people from oppressed ethnic groups, and other sensitive topics.

*Bisexuality* is also a good “state of the union” address on bisexual research today. Want to know at what age the average bisexual man has his first same-gender sexual experience? (p.26) How many bis are also poly? (p.136) What percentage of AIDS cases in wimmin are associated with intravenous drug use? (p.173) You won't find the answers to everything here, but there is a vast amount of factual information from the past half-century of studies and surveys. It's extremely useful to have it gathered in one place, clearly presented. And if the articles here leave you wanting more, you can use the wonderful bibliographic resources as a jumping-off point for your next trip to the library.

While it would have been particularly helpful if *Bisexuality* included a comprehensive bibliography covering all of the citations in the book, a 12-page appendix of resources appears in the back, including topics such as psychology, bisexuality, publications, the Internet, HIV/AIDS, polyamory, sexuality education, and transsexuality.

If you've been irked by monosexuals who insist that no articulated bi theory exists or that bis have made no contributions to the queer movement, this book provides the tools to confront them. *Bisexuality* is theory as activism, and unlike many researchers who pretend to be unbiased even in the “postmodern” age, Firestein is quite open about her goal of creating a more affirmative paradigm. May she have all possible success!



## Generation Q

Edited by Robin Bernstein &  
Seth Clark Silberman  
Alyson Publications, 1996

Reviewed by Tree Bressen

**G**eneration Q: *Gays, Lesbians, and Bisexuals Born Around 1969's Stonewall Riots Tell Their Stories of Growing Up in the Age of Information* delivers just what the title promises. If you think that means sitting through another trite collection of coming-out stories, think again — this new anthology is a treat!

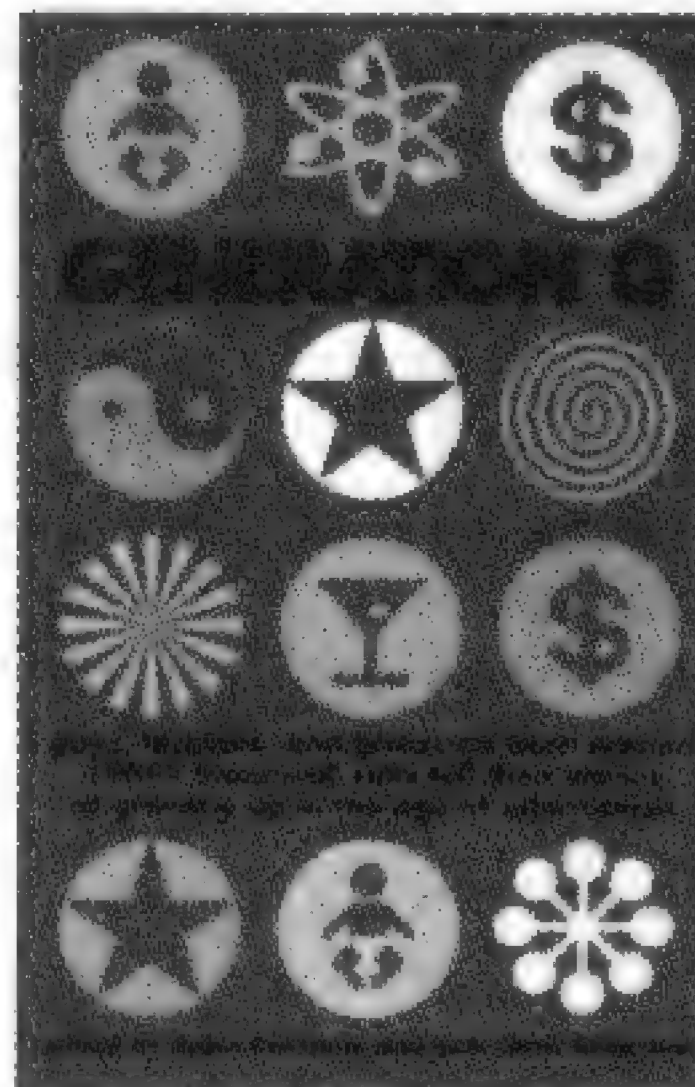
Editors Robin Bernstein and Seth Clark Silberman have compiled a fabulous array of tales by nearly 40 contributors. Not only are many of these writers out, proud and strong, but they include many people whose experiences are not often represented in lesbigay culture, such as queers who are rural or fat or Pakistani or nervously assimilationist or petite newcomers to the leather scene. Here there is space for a black person to share views on a subject other than race, for a stone butch to speak her desire to learn vulnerability, for a man to admit how scared he was of the manipulative gym teacher he had a crush on.

Unlike many previous collections of writing about sexuality, ideological infighting is notably absent. Sure, some of the authors complain about narrow ideology or question the dynamics of S/M. But with the exception of the absurd FRINGE Manifesto, *Generation Q* includes fewer put-downs and more mutual respect than were allowed by the identity politics wars of the 1980s.

Unfortunately, some things haven't changed. Young queers, like their older counterparts, still worry about being bashed on the streets, and they're upset by and scared of AIDS. And like previous generations, most are cut off from their history. For instance, several writers cite relationships with mass media — *Charlie's Angels*, *Batgirl*, the Village People, *The Brady Bunch*, *The*

*Rocky Horror Picture Show* — as a major influence on their queer development. But no one links this to the mass culture of the past that their queer forbears relied on for recognition and survival: Michaelangelo, Walt Whitman, Judy Garland, Radclyffe Hall.

*Generation Q's* stories are not only here, queer, and relevant to us, they're also entertaining. Imagine coming out to your parents, only to discover more than a year later that your father is gay! A few chapters even make the leap from essay to art, such as Tom Mahoney's "The Mattress Papers," haunting in its intensity.



These authors insist on their right to discuss their sexual developments and choices with frankness, honesty and without apology. They expect to be respected for who they are, from drag queens and safer sex sluts to victims of lesbian battering and wimmin who love gay male porn.

*Generation Q's* writing is fresh and coherent. Bernstein and Silberman have achieved every editor's goal of presenting quality writing while still preserving each distinct voice.

Kudos to both editors for their fine effort. We can consider ourselves fortunate that they and their contributors are so young, since it means more excellent writing to look forward to in the coming years.

## Anti-Gay

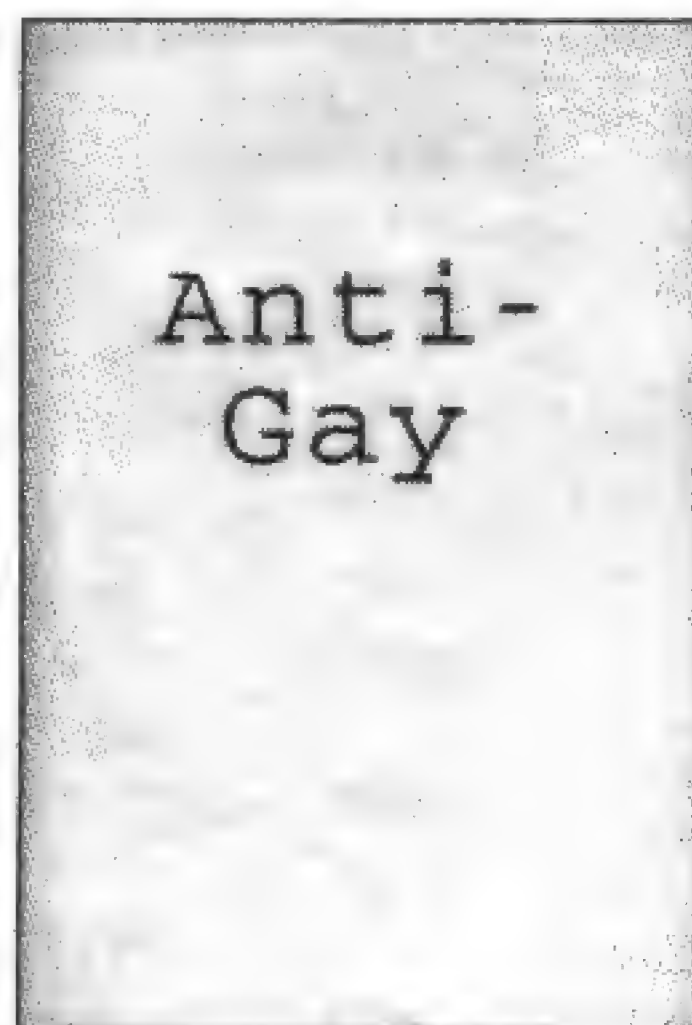
Edited by Mark Simpson  
London: Freedom Editions

Reviewed by Kevin McCulloch

**W**here does gay identity come from? By now you know that the emergence of "gayness" hasn't been so much a process of discovery as creation, a creation that has been — to borrow the deliciously understated word favored by academic philosophers — "problematic." We find new stories to tell about ourselves when the old stories stop making sense, but there's always something that doesn't fit the script. Such observations make for hours of interesting conversation, but the personal implications are usually less than clear. How, exactly, do you react to the news that you're a social construct?

You contribute to an anthology, of course. The authors of *Anti-Gay* have a lot on their minds, from the high rate of

HIV infection among younger gay men to the unhealthy pieties of gay film criticism, but they're all trying to decide how to be gay in a "post-gay" world, and whether it's even worth the trouble to keep the faith.



According to editor Mark Simpson, *Anti-Gay* "doesn't promise anything other than the merciless operation of critical faculties where gay demands they be suspended, censored or diverted into 'fighting homophobia.'" For Simpson, "gay" is not a description;

it's a loud attitude that justifies itself by demonstrating its pervasiveness, usually through endless list-making, rather than defending its actual value. "What is gay?" he wonders aloud. "For all its vacuity, its exhaustive, not to say tedious, roll call of things-that-are-gay conveys one message loud and clear —

(see "Anti-Gay," p.57)



## **Anti-Gay (continued from p.56)**

that gay is a self-serving project of self-justification. Is it any good? Well, forget that — gay *has* to be good."

Gay as such leaves no room for self-knowledge or self-criticism, a problem the rest of the contributors labor to redress. Readers can choose from a menu of arguments against gay manifest destiny, from Foucault-flavored historiography ("Like every other expression of human culture, homosexuality as we know it hasn't always existed and won't last forever," observes Peter Tatchell with the calm repose of an astronomer contemplating the earth's eventual decent into the embers of a dying sun) to the trusty bisexual challenge, courtesy of Jo Eadie's essay "Indigestion," a 15-page food metaphor that offers all the delights of a gluttonous meal without the satisfying burp afterwards. "So let us read the lesbian and gay relationship with bisexuality as a fundamentally hungry one: an impulse to devour, ingest and incorporate, where Sandra Bernhard's 'feet of clay' are the indigestible morsel that sticks in the throat; where the homosexual portion is savoured, while the heterosexual portion is vomited out — which, for most of us, means vomited *on*." Ewww.

More engaging are the testimonies of gay men and women who have simply had enough. Take the weary disgust of novelist John Weir: "The gay rights movement, from radicals to conservatives, is crippled by a sense of entitlement. Sometimes I think the difference between the two factions is just a question of contrasting fashion statements.... I'm no longer dressing for either party. I'm sick of gay men. The next time I see a bunch of dudes from Jersey beating on a faggot from Greenwich Village, I'm going to cheer them on." Here is a real apostate, a man who has left the fold, taken a stand and found little to get worked up about except a bitter argument with his former self.

At last, the voice of the exodus to come. If there's a lesson to learn from *Anti-Gay*, it's that gay ideas may be vulner-

able to considered attack but, when it comes to individuals, gay is less likely to be disproved than to simply deflate on its own. "De-gaying' oneself is not something that you embark upon because you think that it will Change the World," says Simpson. "People are leaving gay because they no longer believe its claims to interpret the world or make it a better place." They are setting out for parts unknown, like they always have.

Everyone, that is, but Lisa Power. In the book's best essay, the lesbian activist chooses, in the end, not to abandon gay at all. Having suffered the indignity of public debate about her sexual relationship with a gay man, she writes in defense of those gay people "whose lack of prejudice against the opposite sex extends occasionally to the bedroom,

but who still insist on keeping their primary identifying label without shame." She discusses the options available to somebody in her position — go bisexual, go queer, go straight, go get a cup of coffee — and decides that she's fine right where she is. "I don't feel like going anywhere else. There are plenty of sensible people in the lesbian and gay movement; despite anything else, I've never felt so supported in my life.... Humanity is a state of change and exploration, a cradle for us to make of ourselves whatever we can and whatever we wish. That's also what my lesbian and gay movement is. I'm not leaving any movement; people in it might choose to leave me but, as I've said on a number of occasions... that's their problem and not mine." May all the contributors to *Anti-Gay* come to embrace the future with such grace.

## **Bisexual Characters in Film: From Anaïs to Zee**

by Wayne M. Bryant  
New York: Harrington Park  
Press, 1997  
\$17.95 US

*Reviewed by Steve Barnes*

**F**ilm characters with alternative sexualities have become more visible in the years since effeminate men were chased off piers or run out of town in pre-1920 silent comedies. But the characterizations haven't gotten much deeper or less stereotypical, as Wayne M. Bryant proves in his well-researched but flawed new book, *Bisexual Characters in Film: From Anaïs to Zee*.

In the intervening decades, we've gone from the ostracism of nellie queers and butch women, through days when the lives of respected members of society were ruined by revelation of their non-straight sexualities, to the situation today, when headlines are grabbed by the coming-out of a sitcom star, and TV

and the movies are studded with gay and lesbian characters. But what about bi folks? If they appear at all, as Bryant illustrates, they're still killers, freaks or rapacious sexual omnivores who

would take the title of this magazine straight, no irony.

Bryant, co-founder of Biversity Boston, has programmed bi films for numerous conferences and festivals

and is the film editor of the *Bisexual Resource Guide*. He knows his history, and his book is strongest when he guides the reader from the silent period to the moral self-policing of the film industry's Motion Picture Production Code. Early films with bi characters unearthed by Bryant (with help, one gathers, from Vito Russo's *The Celluloid Closet*) include *Pandora's Box*, a German film from 1929 starring U.S. actress  
(see "Characters," p.58)





### Characters (continued from p.57)

Louise Brooks as a flapper in love with a countess; Clara Bow in *The Wild Party*, from 1929; and, from two years later, *Mädchen in Uniform*. The last two look at the currents of lesbianism in girls' schools.

Quotes from prim-minded historical sources explode with grumble-inducing regularity throughout Bryant's narrative. "The story of [a girl's] affinity for her teacher make this picture totally unsuitable for showing in any theater," wrote U.S. censors about *Mädchen in Uniform*. Then, as now, Americans were queasily uneasy about sexuality, especially if the

eros fell outside closely delineated, missionary-position bounds. Happily, Bryant also quotes a 1965 documentary featuring Prescott Townsend, an actor who came out as bisexual in 1913. In it, a young woman tells Townsend, who has complimented her looks, that she is surprised by his attraction. "Of course I like girls," he replies. "I'm bisexual. There are only variants. No deviants."

Bryant's book goes wrong when he starts to document the limited, stereotyped characterizations of bisexuals in film from the '60s to the present. While he makes the valid point that adjusted, sensible, regular-Joe-and-Jane bisexuals

are nearly non-existent on screen, he does so without any assessment of the cinematic worth of the movies in which bisexual characterizations do appear. Anyone who includes the superb films *Blue Velvet* (for Dennis Hopper's psycho, who actually says, "I'll fuck anything that moves") and Robert Altman's *Streamers* (for its bisexual soldier) in a list beside the ludicrous *Beyond the Valley of the Dolls* with no caveats about the relative worth of the films is guilty, at the very least, of simplistic argument. And a writer-critic abdicates considerable authority when he cites the vicious sexual violence in Pasolini's *Salo, or the 120 Days of Sodom* but doesn't mention that it is one of the most gruesome, repugnant films ever made, so appalling as to make the bisexual component almost irrelevant. Later, after spending an entire page recounting the plot of another Pasolini film, Bryant — more concerned with the movie's sexual roundelay than its messages — refuses analysis and says simply, "The allegorical meaning of all of this is quite complex."

And then there's Bryant's tendency to suggest that some straight film characters are actually bisexuals. "Perhaps they are unaware of it themselves," he writes, as if characters have their own discrete existence and aren't the product of a writer's imagination. Further along in the book, alleging that Edith Head, perhaps the most celebrated of all costume designers, desired sex with women as well as men, Bryant offers proximity instead of evidence: "Married twice (the second time for thirty-nine years), Head had an active interest in women and had the opportunity to dress thousands during her career." No mention of the hundreds of gay male costumers who had the same opportunities but stayed resolutely homo.

*Bisexual Characters in Film* is, as Bryant rightly boasts, the first such study of its kind. Had he given his film analysis the thorough care he put to explaining film history, the book certainly would be the best for years to come.

Mickey Skee's

## BI PORN GETS IT FROM BOTH ENDS

Hi, I'm Mickey Skee, co-founder of the Gay Erotic Video Awards held in Hollywood each year. Most of the stars in porn are bisexual, but don't really admit it. As an openly bisexual reviewer, they come out to me. I rate my reviews on a scale of one A (the worst) to five As (the best, and a rarity).



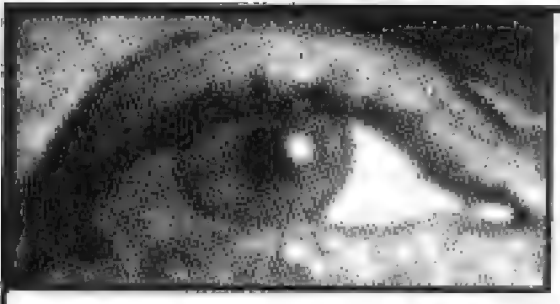
**Bi on the Fourth of July**  
Bi-Line Productions. Sophia, Rick Rogue, Johnny Gitaur, Rocky Torro, C.J. Bennett, Justine, Debette, Tally. 84 Min. Rating: AA 1/2

The cover of the box advertises, "Come rain on my parade." Perhaps it would be better to say, "Rain cum on my parade." The nice tripling of three young nubile bodies in the first scene is certainly the best, and one need not look any further for a patriotic bisexual fantasy. The two guys are well-matched: lithe blond Johnny Gitaur with a rougher looking Rick Rogue think nothing of kissing each other. Then they get it on equally well with Sophia, who seems like an older teacher as she leads them into a

triple-play suck-off session. They're all wearing red, white and blue — at least for a few minutes — and the sex takes place completely beneath the American flag. It just goes to prove that anything can happen in this great country of ours.

There's an emphasis on the cunt — especially with a delicious dyke-duo and a big black dildo. However, the hetero teamings that follow seem more exaggerated and faked than even the faux-squealing lesbian scenes, believe it or not, particularly the last scene with first-timers Tally and Debette. Moreover, the few words of scene-setting dialogue — "Hey, we just came from a Fourth of July party, and it's 10:30," — are all poorly delivered and ridiculous.





# Who's Watching Big Brother?

by Liz Highleyman

## Supreme Court Hears CDA Case

The status of Internet censorship remains in limbo as the Supreme Court continues to consider a ruling on the Communications Decency Act (CDA) after hearing oral arguments in March. The court has the option of voiding the CDA entirely or crafting a narrower ruling. A decision in the case is expected in late June or early July.

Originally passed by Congress in February 1996, the CDA would make it illegal to transmit by computer any "indecent" or "patently offensive" material. Two groups of plaintiffs, made up of librarians, publishers, computer companies, numerous organizations, and thousands of individual Internet users, immediately challenged the law, and in June, 1996 a three-judge panel in Philadelphia unanimously ruled that the CDA was unconstitutional, stating that the law may not interfere with the right of adults to access material, even if that material might not be appropriate for children. The next month, the Department of Justice (DOJ) appealed the verdict to the Supreme Court.

On March 19 of this year, the Supreme Court heard oral arguments in *ACLU vs. Reno*, the CDA appeal. As the hearings progressed inside the Court building, proponents and opponents of the measure demonstrated outside in the freezing rain. The testimony lasted 70 minutes, 10 minutes longer than a typical Supreme Court hearing. DOJ lead attorney Seth Waxman argued that without the CDA, the Internet would "give every child a free pass to every adult movie theater or bookstore in the country." However, lead plaintiff's attorney Bruce Ennis said the CDA would limit adults to "reading or viewing only what is appropriate for children."

The justices questioned both attorneys. Justice David Souter expressed concern whether parents could be imprisoned for allowing their children to view indecent material. Justice Steven Breyer asked whether teenagers who discuss their sexual experiences on the Internet could be considered "guilty of a federal crime." Justices William Rehnquist and Antonin Scalia appeared most sympathetic to the government's case.

The Supreme Court typically does not hear new evidence in a case, but rather rules on decisions handed down by lower courts.

## California Moves to Close Bathhouses

On February 28, Senator Tim Leslie (R-Tahoe City) introduced a bill in the California Senate that would regulate all sex clubs, bathhouses, and other public sex establishments in the state. Known informally as the "Nuisance Bill," S.B. 1301 reads, in part, "every building or place used as a bathhouse which as a primary activity encourages or permits conduct that according to the guidelines of the federal Centers for Disease Control can transmit AIDS, including, but not limited to, anal intercourse, oral copulation, or vaginal intercourse, is a nuisance which shall be enjoined, abated, and prevented." The bill goes on to read, "every building or place which, as a primary activity, accommodates or encourages persons to engage in, or to observe other persons engaging in, sexual conduct" shall likewise be abated and prevented. S.B. 1301 is expected to be heard by the Senate Judiciary and Public Safety Committees in April and by the full Senate in May. If successful, the bill will be heard by the state Assembly.

## Queer Art Under Fire in North Carolina

The county commission of Mecklenburg, NC (home of the city of Charlotte) voted 5-4 in April to cut funding to any group that promotes or facilitates access to information about "perverted forms of sexuality" — a definition which, according to the commissioners, includes homosexuality. As far as I could determine from news reports, the commission did not mention bisexuality or transgenderism. The county's Arts and Sciences Council was stripped of \$2.5 million of its \$11 million budget after it supported a local production of *Angels in America*, Tony Kushner's Pulitzer Prize-winning play dealing with gay and AIDS-related themes, and another play, *Six Degrees of Separation*. The newly instituted policy requires that the commission approve county funding for all private and non-profit organizations. The ACLU is considering a challenge to the new policy.

If you have news items for this column, especially local news outside of California, please send them to Liz Highleyman, [liz@black-rose.com](mailto:liz@black-rose.com) or care of *Anything That Moves*.

*Liz Highleyman is a journalist and health educator. She is editor of the pansexual leather community newspaper Cuir Underground, and associate editor of the anthology Bisexual Politics: Theories, Queries and Visions (Harworth Press, 1995).*



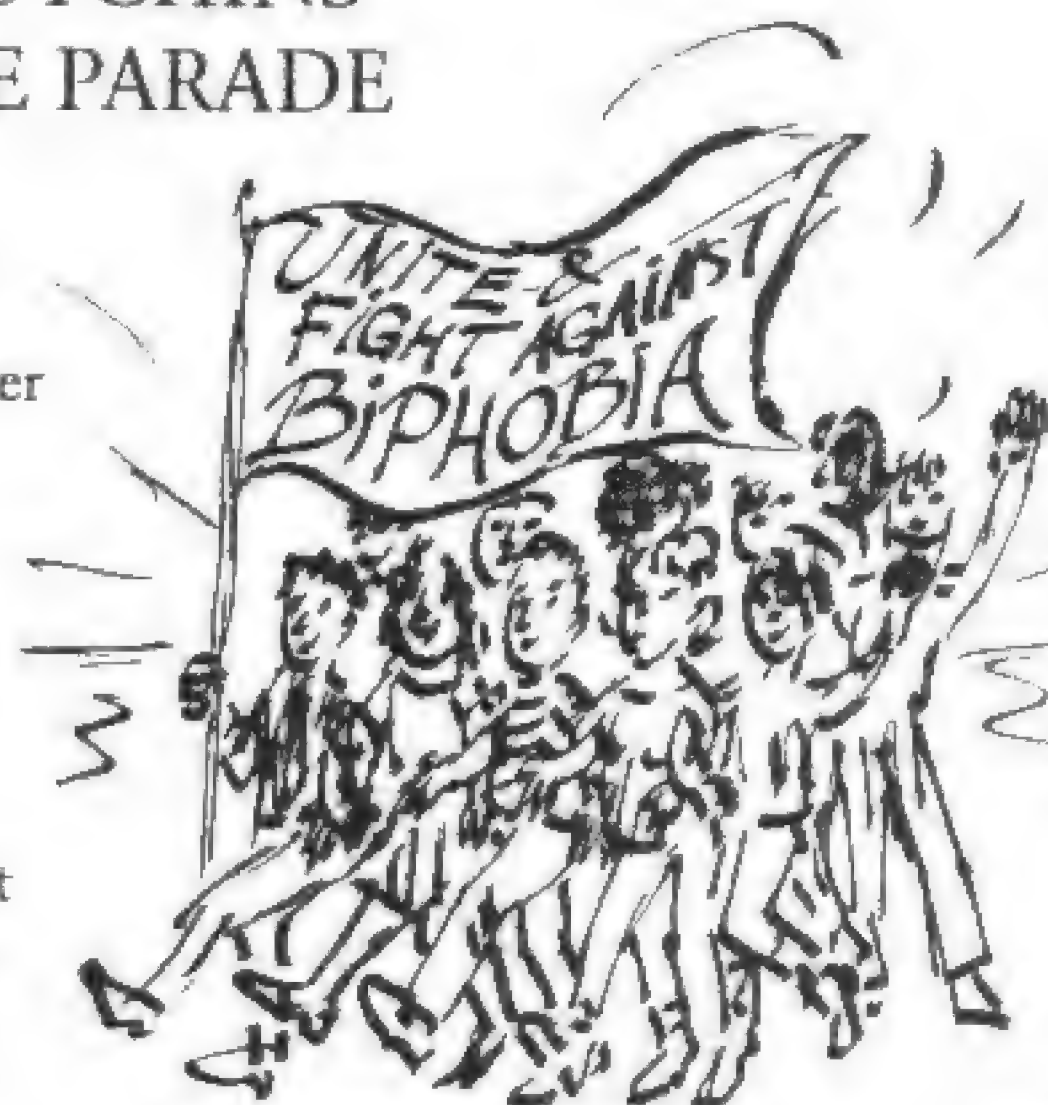
# EXTRA! EXTRA! READ ALL ABOUT US

## BI ACTIVIST LORAIN HUTCHINS CHOSEN TO LEAD D.C. PRIDE PARADE

Washington, D.C.'s Capital Pride Committee has selected Loraine Hutchins as Bi Grand Marshall of its 1997 Pride Parade on Sunday, June 8th. This year marks the first time the District of Columbia's parade has ever had a bisexual grand marshal.

Loraine says she is very excited to have been chosen, and hopes this choice will inspire other groups to be more bi-inclusive. She also looks forward to riding in the front of the parade in a place of honor.

A long-time bisexual activist, Loraine is also a founding member of BiNet USA and co-author of the ground-breaking anthology *Bi Any Other Name*. Currently, she is working toward a doctorate on sacred sex.



## Send a Bisexual to Camp

Camp isn't just for kids anymore. It's time to register for the Fourth Annual BiCamp, situated at Red Mill Brook National Forest in Southern Vermont. This year, camp begins on Friday, August 1st, and runs through Sunday afternoon, August 3rd.

Facilities are minimal, but so is the price. Basically, what you get is a place to pitch your tent, a fire pit, fresh water, beautiful wilderness, and the company of a few dozen bisexual and bi-friendly people for a fun summer weekend. Clothing-optional swimming is just a short drive away at "The Ledges," New England's premier naturist fresh water swimming location. All this for the low price of \$15 to \$35!

For more information, contact Biversity Boston, 29 Stanhope Street, Boston, MA 02116. Registrations must be received by July 15.

**All news briefs have been culled from press releases sent to ATM by the named organizations or written by staff.**

**To submit a press release, e-mail it to: [qswitch@igc.apc.org](mailto:qswitch@igc.apc.org). News only, please. We do not consider commercial products news. Thanks.**

## New York Queers Withdraw Proclamation Rather Than Exclude the Bi and Trans Community

After city officials refused to include bi- and trans-positive language in their annual Pride Week Proclamation, the Syracuse and Onondaga County queer communities have taken the unprecedented move of withdrawing the proclamation rather than limit its language to gays and lesbians.

In meetings between Democratic city councilors of Syracuse and the PRIDE Celebration Committee, the city officials flatly refused negotiations to change the proclamation's language to make it inclusive of bisexual and transgendered persons, citing political reasons.

For the past two years, the PRIDE Committee of Syracuse has sought and received a proclamation from the city councilors noting the importance of and the recognition deserved by the gay and lesbian communities, and their contribution to the diversity and economy of the Central New York area.

This year, when the committee applied for the proclamation, they added the words bisexual and transgender to the

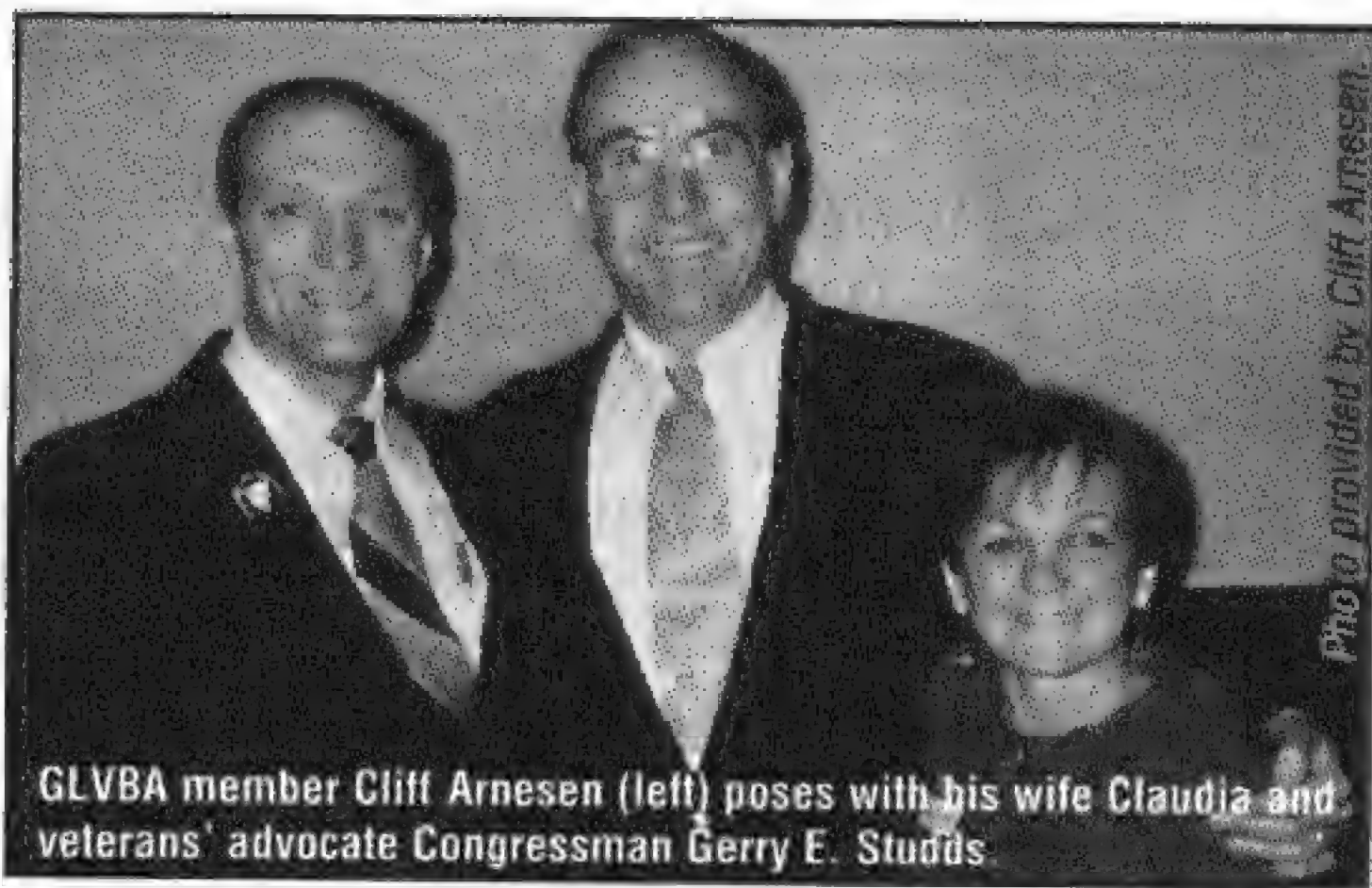
proclamation in areas that would include them along with the gay and lesbian communities in the body of the proclamation.

When the committee asked the Democratic councilors to introduce the 1997 proclamation for a council vote — the same way they have for the past two years — the officials said the change in wording would not be able to pass the council vote. Even if it did, they added, the council's Republican minority would use the new wording during next year's elections as a "weapon" to acquire more seats and a majority of the council.

If the Republicans gained the majority, councilors said, it would affect the entire BGLT community because the minority members had threatened to overthrow Syracuse's Fair Practices Law, which presently protects the employment of gays and lesbians in the city.

Deciding to support inclusivity rather than bow to scare tactics, the Syracuse PRIDE Committee chose to withdraw the proclamation unless it was inclusive and mentioned the bisexual and transgender communities.





GLBVA member Cliff Arnesen (left) poses with his wife Claudia and veterans' advocate Congressman Gerry E. Studds

## Queer Veterans Meet with Pentagon Over "Don't Ask, Don't Tell"

May, 1997

On May 5, five members of Gay, Lesbian and Bisexual Veterans of America (GLBVA) met with White House and Pentagon military officials to discuss a number of issues, particularly their dissatisfaction with the government's "don't ask, don't tell, don't pursue" policy and its implementation.

"They were attentive," GLBVA member Cliff Arnesen said. "They took notes. They were as impressed with us as we were with them." Arnesen, a Boston resident, is an out bisexual and GLBVA's vice president of legislative affairs.

"Things went so well, we were invited back to the Pentagon and the White House in the future to go over policy recommendations we suggested to them," Arnesen added.

This marks the first time any lesbian/gay veterans' group has met with military officials inside the Pentagon. Present at the discussion were Frederick Pang, assistant secretary of defense for force management services; and

Col. David Schreier, principal director and deputy assistant secretary of defense for military personnel policy. GLBVA spokespersons said that Pang acknowledged "problems" in the way some military personnel may be carrying out the "don't ask, don't tell" policy.

In a separate discussion, other GLBVA members talked with Richard Socarides, the Clinton administration's liaison to the queer community, and lobbied several other congresspeople during the week.

Other issues raised at the Pentagon meeting included anti-gay "witch hunts," discharged gay veterans being forced to recompensate the armed forces for all wages earned, the Veterans Administration's HIV/AIDS policies, the deletion of anti-sodomy laws in the Uniform Code of Justice, and the upgrading of all gay discharges to "honorable."

GLBVA spokespersons called the meetings "historic" and "positive."

— Anne Killpack, *ATM*

**Know Something Newsworthy?  
Clue us in!**

**Want more news? See "Extra! Extra!", p.62**

## NEWSBITES

from the *data lounge.com* recap

### Maine Legislature Passes Gay Rights Bill

[AUGUSTA, ME]

Maine has become the 11th state in the country to ban discrimination against gay men and lesbians after a dramatic vote in the state House of Representatives, the *Bangor Daily News* reports. The Maine House voted 84-61 to endorse the gay rights measure, which was passed overwhelmingly in the Senate by a 28-5 vote. Independent Gov. Angus King has promised he will sign the bill into law.

### New Hampshire Passes Gay Rights Legislation

[CONCORD, NH]

*Foster's Daily Democrat* reports that the New Hampshire Senate, by a vote of 13-9, endorsed a bill banning discrimination against sexual orientation in employment, housing, and public accommodations. The gay rights bill, which passed the House earlier by a vote of 205-125, now goes to New Hampshire Governor Jeanne Shaheen, who says she will sign it.

### Former Dornan Aide Comes Out of the Closet

[LOS ANGELES, CA]

Brian O'Leary Bennett, top aide to the rabidly anti-gay former congressman Robert K. Dornan, has come out in an interview with the *Los Angeles Times*. Bennett served for 12 years under Dornan until 1989, eventually becoming his chief of staff. Dornan has made a political career based largely on his anti-gay credentials.

### British Activists Push to Lift the Church's Ban on Gay Anglican Clergy

[LONDON]

*The Independent* newspaper reports gay activists in the Church of England intend to carry out a secret survey of Anglican clergy with the intention of overturning the Church's ban on ordaining sexually active gay people. The move comes in the wake of recent controversy surrounding comments made by the Archbishop of Canterbury, Dr. George Carey.

### Tasmania Jettisons Anti-Gay Laws

[TASMANIA]

*Reuters* reports that in a historic vote, the conservative upper house of the Tasmania state parliament has repealed Australia's only remaining set of anti-gay state laws.

### Anti-Gay Activist Anita Bryant Files Bankruptcy

[NEWSPLANET]

Anita Bryant, whose anti-gay crusade 20 years ago is believed by some to have done more than the Stonewall uprising to put the lesbian/gay movement on the U.S. map, recently filed for bankruptcy with her current husband, Charles Dry. The couple declared total indebtedness in the range of \$1 million-\$10 million and total assets in the range of \$100,000-\$500,000.



## GLOBAL BI RESOURCES

# GET YOURSELF CONNECTED!

### About BABN

The Bay Area Bisexual Network is an alliance of bisexual and bi-supportive groups, individuals, and resources in the San Francisco Bay Area. BABN is connecting the bisexual community and creating a movement for acceptance and support of human diversity by coordinating forums, social events, opportunities, and resources.

BABN is by nature educational in that we are supporting the rights of all women and men to develop as whole beings without oppression due to age, race, religion, color, class or different abilities, nor because of sexual preference, gender identity, gender preference and/or responsible consensual sexual behavior preferences. We also support acceptance in employment, housing, health care, and education. This includes access to complete sexual information, free expression of responsible consensual sexual activity, and other freedoms. Membership is open to all bi-positive people whether or not they consider themselves bisexual.

BABN sponsors a speakers' network of bisexuals from diverse backgrounds, races, lifestyles, and cultures who speak on all topics and issues concerning bisexuality. Call 415-703-7977 voice mail box #1, or write BABN at 2261 Market St., #496, San Francisco, CA 94114-1600.

### BIS BEYOND THE BAY

**AUSTRALIAN BISEXUAL NETWORK:** National information, support, advocacy and social network for bi men, women, partners/families, and bi and bi-friendly groups. P.O. Box 490, Lutwyche, Brisbane, QLD 4030. <http://www.ozemail.com.au/~ausbinet/index.html>

**BINET USA:** National bisexual network dedicated to visibility, resource sharing,

and political activism toward a multicultural, co-gendered, bisexual community. Quarterly newsletter, conferences. Info: PO Box 7327, Langley Park, MD 20787 USA. 202.986.7186.

**BISEXUAL RESOURCE CENTER:** Projects include The Bisexual Archives and the Bisexual Resource Office. PO Box 639, Cambridge, MA 02140 USA. 617.424.9595.

**GLASGOW BISEXUAL NETWORK:** Social support and health information for bisexuals and their supporters in Glasgow, Scotland, UK. Volunteers and bi-friendly folks needed to help run the group. Regular social meetings at the Gay & Lesbian Centre, 11 Dixon St., Glasgow. For more information, contact: Dominic Aveyard, GBN Group Coordinator, 127 Glenhead St., Parkhouse, Glasgow, Scotland, UK, Postcode: G22-6DQ 0141-336-4548 evenings and weekdays.

**GRUPO TRIANGULO ROSA:** To help the human rights of BGLT people, struggle against discrimination, help coordinate a Central American movement for the rights of sexual minorities, and prevent HIV. Apartado Postal 1619-4050, Alajuela, Costa Rica. 506.23.2411.

**MOSCOW BI-SEX CLUB:** Union for people with unorthodox desires. Looking for international contacts, ideas, support. PO Box N3, Moscow Russia 123308.

**UNITARIAN UNIVERSALIST BISEXUAL NETWORK:** A packet of materials of interest to bisexuals, including a newsletter, is available from the Unitarian Church by sending \$10 to UUBN, PO Box 10818, Portland, ME 04104 USA.

**WAZOBIA:** For women who love women and men who love men however they may self-identify, BGLT or questioning people from continental Africa. PO Box 255, New York, NY 10116 USA. 212.690.3705.

*Anything That Moves* is interested in listing national bisexual resources and projects that involve the entire community. To list your organization, please send complete contact information to:

Bi Resources Listings  
Anything That Moves  
2261 Market St. #496  
San Francisco, CA 94114-1600  
[qswitch@igc.apc.org](mailto:qswitch@igc.apc.org)

or find us on the web on our NEW site (sponsored by Planet Out):

<http://www.anythingthatmoves.com/>

ATM reserves the right to edit all entries for length and style.

*Extral Extral (continued from p.64)*

## Army of God Takes Responsibility for Bombing Atlanta Gay Bar

[REUTERS] A militant Christian group calling itself the Army of God has claimed responsibility in an anonymous letter for the bombing of the Otherside bar in Atlanta, which was known for its popularity with a large gay, lesbian, bisexual and transgendered clientele.

FBI officials declined to say whether they believed the letter to be a genuine claim or a fake, but investigators did confirm they were familiar with the Army of God. The radical sect has been known to circulate bomb-making manuals and to advocate violence against abortion clinics, said Reuters.

Reuters reports the letter contained accurate details about the construction of bombs used in both the attack against the bar and the twin-bomb attack on a suburban Atlanta abortion clinic in mid-January. It also outlined a system by which future bomb attacks could be confirmed as being carried out by the Army of God.

The letter vowed to wage "total war" against the federal government and promised future attacks on abortion clinics, gay and lesbian clubs and organizations, and a vow to destroy the "new world order."

Updated 1997 Edition

## BISEXUAL RESOURCE GUIDE

✶ Robyn Ochs, editor

### Contains:

- ✶ listings of more than 1,400 bi and lesbigay groups in over 20 countries
- ✶ an annotated bibliography of recommended books dealing with bisexuality, including information on forthcoming publications
- ✶ a guide to recommended films
- ✶ information on merchandise available (buttons, t-shirts, books, etc.)
- ✶ safer sex information
- ✶ upcoming conferences, calls for papers, etc.

The Bisexual Resource Guide, published by the Bisexual Resources Center, is available for only US \$11.95, postage paid. To order YOUR copy, send a check, along with your address, to:

**BRC**

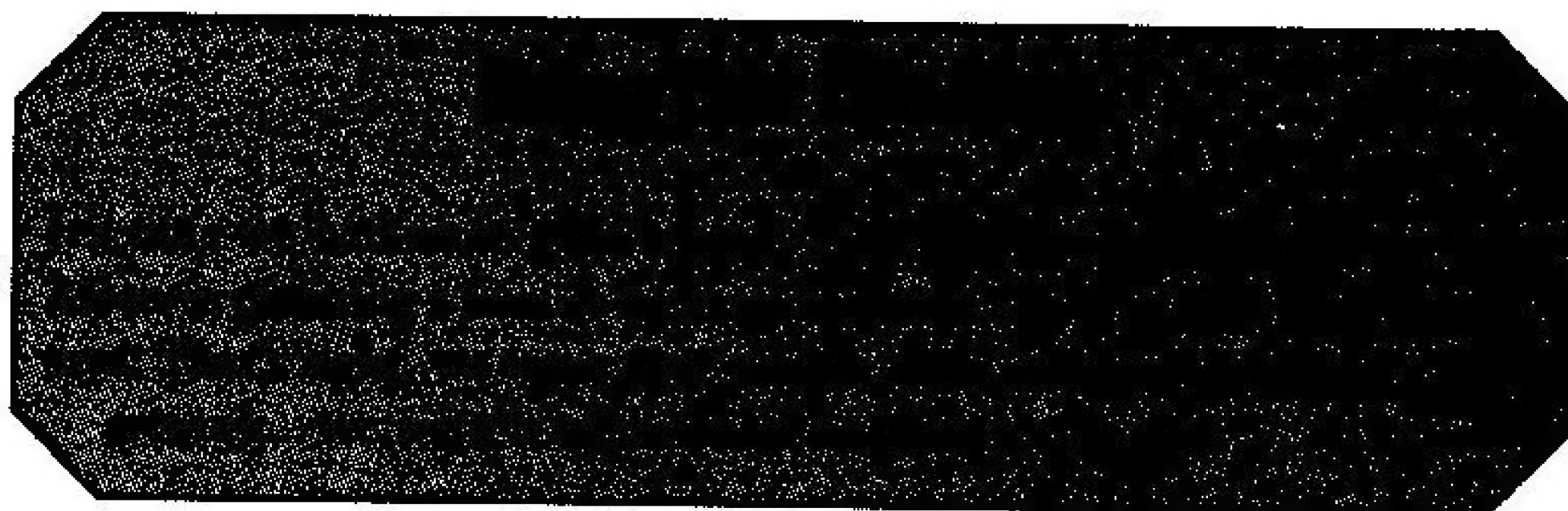
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**Order now!**



# SUBMIT TO ATM!



Anything That Moves welcomes unsolicited manuscripts, photographs, and illustrations. We are particularly interested in work by bi/pan/or-similarly-sexuals, people of color, transgender- or transsexual-identified, those who are differently abled, and those challenged by AIDS or HIV, as well as material not previously published and/or from new or unpublished writers.

## WRITERS:

*ATM* accepts submissions such as literary, film, theater, and music reviews; fiction; non-fiction commentary and feature articles; and news reports on the bisexual community or individuals.

**FICTION:** Any content is up for consideration and need not address bisexuality specifically; however, bisexual content is given priority. Please, 2500 words or less.

**NON-FICTION COMMENTARY:** *ATM* provides space for writers to explore contemporary issues related to bisexuality that are editorial in nature — personal opinions and viewpoints. Submissions should not exceed 900 words.

**REVIEWS:** *ATM* publishes reviews of books, film, music, conferences, exhibits, theater, and anything else related to bisexual artists, topics, and/or themes as well as subjects of interest to bisexuals. Reviews should not exceed 900 words. Black & white photos or stats of reviewed book jackets, or black & white theatrical/portfolio promotional photos to accompany reviews are greatly appreciated.

**FEATURES & INTERVIEWS:** *ATM* publishes features relating to any angle of bisexual life — cultural, lifestyle, spiritual, sexual, health, relationship, political... you name it. Please, 2500 words or less.

## PHOTOGRAPHERS AND ILLUSTRATORS:

*ATM* is interested in receiving (*read: at times desperate for*) photo submissions (single photos as well as photo essays), illustrations, computer graphics, and cartoons. Erotic/nude photos will be considered. All photos containing models or subjects with identifiable and/or copyrighted likenesses must be accompanied by a signed photo release form and age statement. Illustrations must be submitted in stat, velox, or clean photocopy form. Do not submit originals, as *ATM* cannot be responsible for them. Photographer's, designer's or illustrator's name, address, and phone number *must* be attached to the back of each submission.

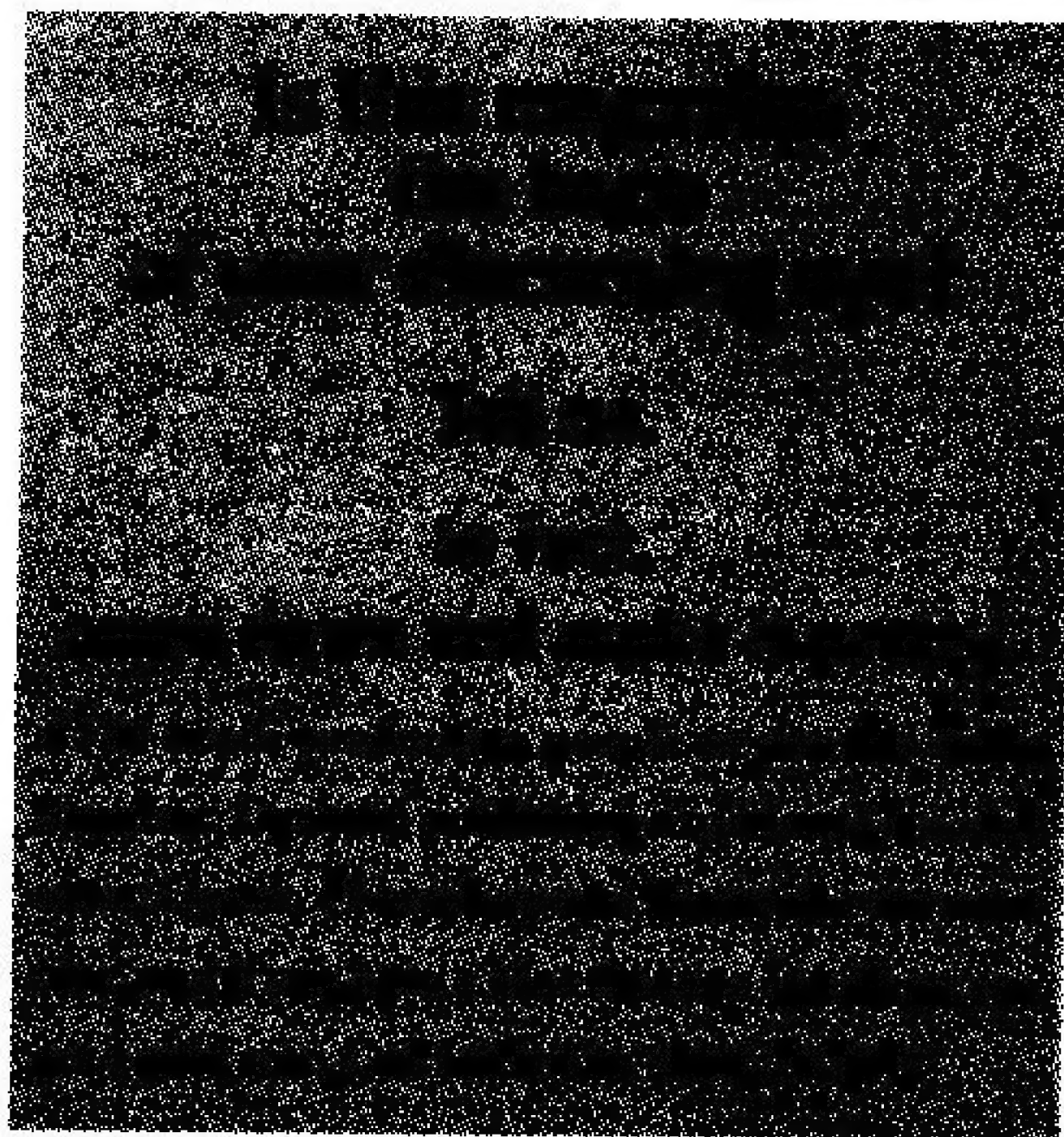
### THE FINE PRINT, PART I:

Submissions must be typed, double-spaced, on clean white paper and must include the author's name, address and phone number on each page. In your cover letter, please note whether you have submitted your manuscript to any other media source, and if it has been previously published.

Submissions must include a word count and a SASE. Handwritten, illegible, or single-spaced copy will be returned. *ATM* will gladly accept manuscripts on disk (Microsoft Word for Macintosh 4.0 or higher, please) ONLY if accompanied by a hard copy as you know how finicky those disks-through-the-mail can be.

Send all submissions to:

*Anything That Moves*: Submissions, 2261 Market St. #496, San Francisco, CA 94114-1600. Manuscripts may also be submitted via e-mail, to: [qswitch@igc.apc.org](mailto:qswitch@igc.apc.org).



### THE FINE PRINT, PART II:

Notification of acceptance will be made within 6-8 weeks, although publication date cannot be given (accepted material is often kept on file and considered for each new issue). Accepted material cannot be returned. Do not send originals, as *ATM* will not be responsible for them. Rejected material returned only if accompanied by the correct amount of postage.

#### PLEASE NOTE:

All submissions must be accompanied by a cover letter that includes a brief (30 words or less) biography of the writer and a listing of submissions by title. Please indicate if the contribution has been published or submitted for consideration elsewhere.

Pen names are permitted; however, the author's real name, address, and phone number must accompany the submission (not for publication).



EVERYBODY KNOWS . . .

*comix by Rachel House*

# Bis are Confused



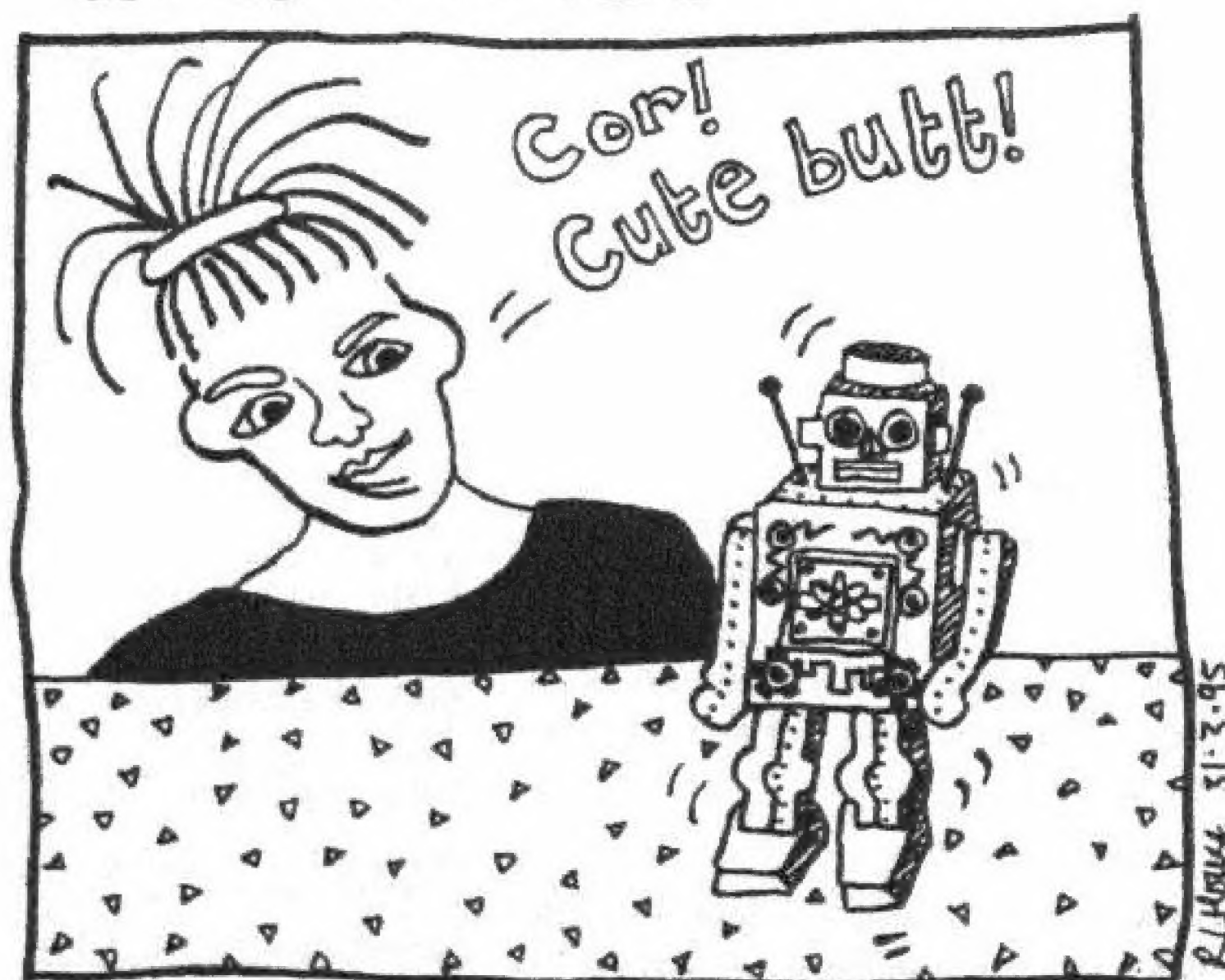
Bis are closeted...



I'm sitting on the fence...



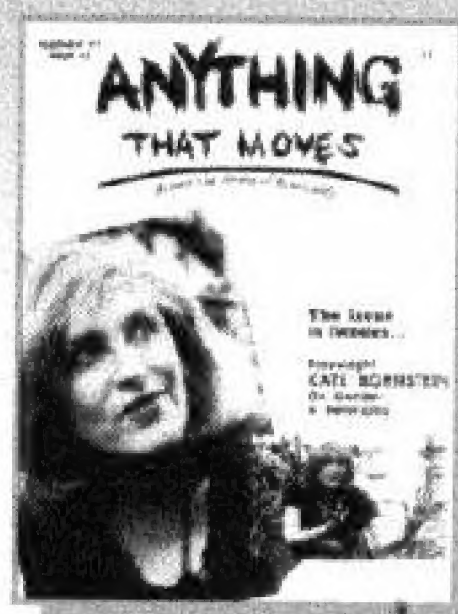
Bis shag anything  
that moves





# Back issues of *Anything That Moves* are available!

Issues 3-13 can be acquired for a mere pittance of \$3/each, + \$1.00 shipping and handling. Just mail a check or money order for \$4 for each issue, and indicate which issues you want. Note: Issues One and Two are sold out.



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- Playwright Kate Bernstein on Gender and Belonging
  - Gender, Nature and Society ("Mother Earth/Father Society")
  - Review: Anne Rice's *Cry to Heaven*



- #4:
- Sex-Positive Feminism Is Not an Oxymoron
  - Dr. Deborah Anapol on the Future of the Family
  - Bisexuals in Germany



- #5:
- "Landscape of My Cunt"
  - Neither In the Closet Nor Out
  - Video Review: *How To Female Ejaculate*

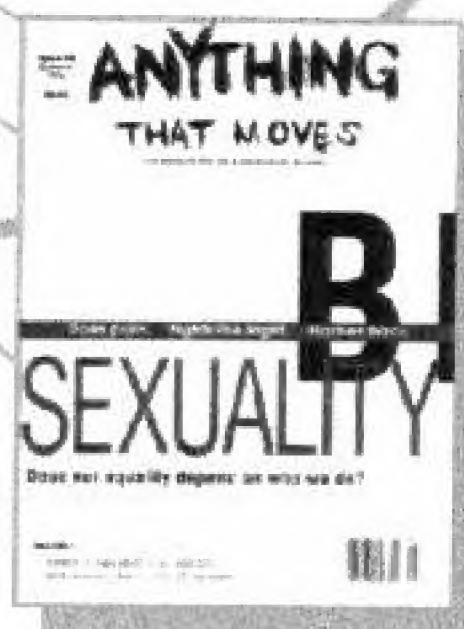
# ANYTHING THAT MOVES



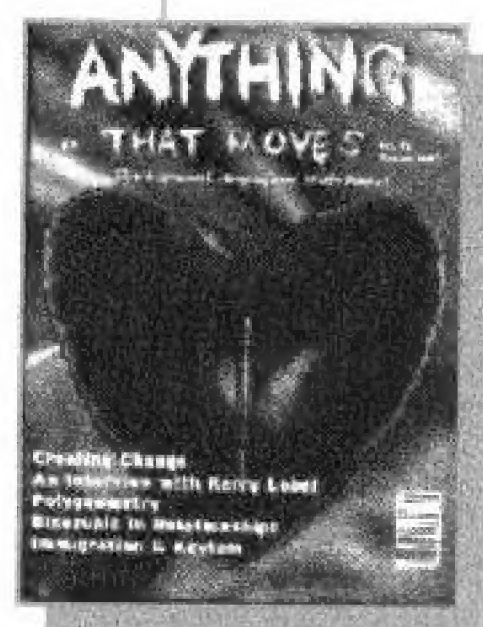
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  - Bisexual Art
  - Poetry: Green Sperm and Menstruation



- #7:
- ATM Interviews Wiccan Author and Leader Starhawk
  - Building a National Sexuality/Spirituality Coalition
  - Kwanzaa: An African-American Holiday



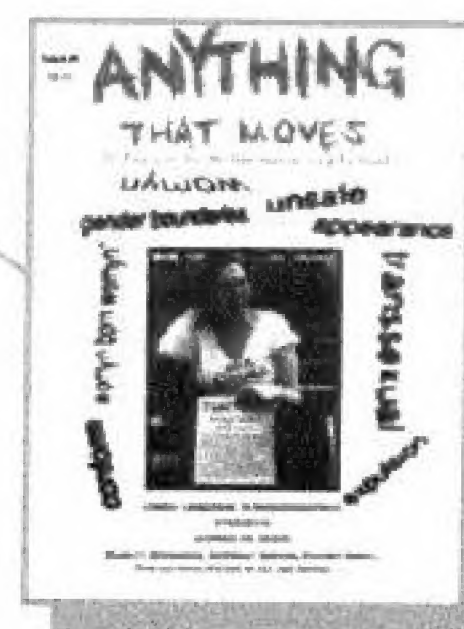
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  - Stopping the Colorado Virus: What You Can Do to Fight the Right
  - Pornography: Ten Bisexuals Feel Each Other Out on a Touchy Subject



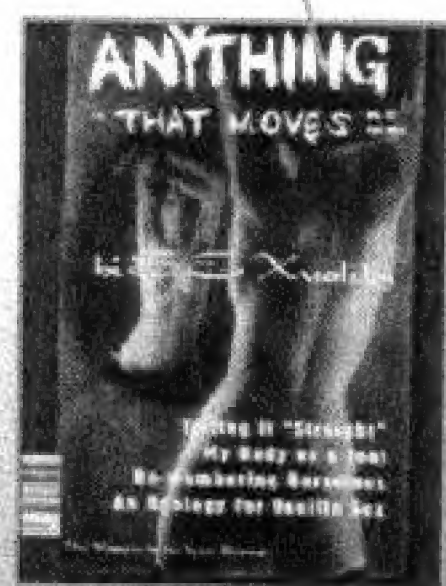
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- A UFO In Long Beach
  - Polygeometry and Nonmonogamy 101
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  - Un Milagro en el Darkroom



- #11:
- Same-Gender Marriages and DOMA
  - Bi Chic
  - "A Fat, Vulgar, Angry Slut"
  - Feature Focus: International Bisexuals



- #9:
- "This Guy is Hot": Photos by Loren Cameron
  - Review: *Barbie's Queer Accessories*
  - PFLA(Bi?)G: The National Conference Struggles with Another Letter



- #12:
- Telling It "Straight": Straight/Bi Relations in the Black Communities
  - Gender Enforcement: A Primer
  - Aphrodite Electric: A Perspective on Phone Sex
  - Feature Focus: BiSEXuality



- #10:
- Bi Resources on the Internet
  - The House Bisexuality Built: Coming Out as Bi Pays Off
  - Feature Focus: Watching the Media Watch Us

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"Anything That Moves." Anything That Moves, no. 14, Summer 1997. Archives of Sexuality and Gender, [https://link.gale.com/apps/doc/FALTKS745918801/AHSI?u=wash\\_main&sid=AHSI&xid=85de1627](https://link.gale.com/apps/doc/FALTKS745918801/AHSI?u=wash_main&sid=AHSI&xid=85de1627). Accessed 21 Aug. 2020.